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[A Literary Supplement is issued with this Number.]

CHRONICLE.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at Bradford on Wednesday was excellent in matter as in manner. "Parliament," he said, "did not exist in order that a Minister should by the clever co-operation of conflicting forces sustain himself with a very doubtful equilibrium in office; Parliament exists to pass measures for the social amelioration of the people." Nor was he content with generalities. He declared that there should be a resolute attempt, at all events, to solve "the problem of the unemployed." The state of agriculture too, he insisted, was a subject for the consideration of Parliament, the transfer of land should be simplified, and the expensiveness of the law diminished. His final summing-up of the matter represents, we think, the best sense of thoughtful Englishmen: "Nothing would induce me to adopt the socialistic remedies; but the socialistic cries convince me that there is an evil, and that Parliament is deeply responsible for not giving its whole attention to it."

Lord Salisbury thinks that the "present state of things will not go on very long," and referred to the Melbourne Government that clung to office for two years, and refused to dissolve till there was a majority of one against them: "the result was that Sir Robert Peel came back to power with a majority of 95." He commended that lesson to the party which was now sustained entirely by the action of "squabbling mercenaries." The phrase is so apt that it deserves to become familiar.

The Duke of Devonshire's speech at the great Liberal Unionist gathering at St. James's Hall was even more confident. "The powers of mischief," he said, "inherent," he said, "in some of the elements of the present House of Commons are effectually crippled and destroyed. More than half of our work is already done." The other half, it seems from the Duke's speech, is to be accomplished by a Unionist majority in the next House of Commons. But the name of Unionist was not good enough for Mr. Chamberlain, who talked of the "National party, which now includes," he said, "every man in Great Britain who honours the national traditions and who seeks the welfare of all the subjects of the Crown without respect of persons or of classes." All this simply shows that every one expects a dissolution this summer, perhaps almost immediately, and that the Unionists at any rate believe that they will be returned to power with a considerable majority.

The most notable incident of last week in the House of Commons seems to have entirely escaped the attention of the morning papers. On Monday last, Mr.

Bartley, one of the "busy Bees," asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether the second reading of the Local Veto Bill would be taken before Whitsuntide. Sir William "Veto" Harcourt rose and, in his most impressive manner, replied: "The second reading of that Bill will *certainly* be taken, but it cannot be taken before Whitsuntide." The solemn tone and definite assurance were alike significant. By the observant they were taken to mean: "I shall resign if the Bill is not pressed on."

Even the Separatists do not reckon upon a majority of more than two or three in favour of the second reading of the Local Veto Bill, and this exiguous majority, together with the effect of recent elections, it is generally thought, will be fatal to the Government. Of course they could carry on if they had only a majority of one, or, for that matter, if they were defeated; but a Cadmean victory or a defeat would imply a dissolution on this year's register. As we pointed out some weeks ago, Sir W. V. Harcourt is perhaps the only member of the House of Commons who has been able to persuade himself that an election upon an old register is more advantageous to his party than an election upon a new register. Careful critics estimate that an election held upon the old register would cost the Separatists ten seats in London alone.

Men do not grow less obstinate as they grow older, and Sir W. V. Harcourt seems inclined to put his pious faith in the efficacy of his Local Veto Bill to the most conclusive of tests. Whether he does this out of personal pique or not matters little. We are content to know that the party which upholds existing institutions will soon be able to measure forces with the party of disintegration and destruction.

Lord Rosebery has come back from his trip on the *Enchantress* very much bronzed, and he appears to be in better health. But we cannot help thinking that the cares of office will be too heavy for him; and a General Election, in which all his lieutenants plainly fight for their own hands, can scarcely tend to soothe shattered nerves. Still we hope for the best; for Lord Rosebery, representing as he does the Conservative or Imperialist foreign policy, is the one person in the present Ministry for whom we can feel some real sympathy.

A Central News telegram in the *Standard* of Tuesday last stated that "Admiral Meade had been compulsorily retired" from the United States Navy and reprimanded by President Cleveland. The Admiral, it seems, "was in command of the Pacific Squadron, and while the dispute between Great Britain and Nicaragua was being adjusted he publicly expressed his regret that inactivity was imposed upon him by the policy pursued from

Washington, and that he was not at liberty to interpose force to prevent the British bluejackets and marines being landed on Nicaraguan territory." In giving his approval to the action of the Department, President Cleveland expressed "his regret that such long and brilliant services as constituted the record of Admiral Meade should have been marred by conduct so completely at variance with a commendable career." If the Central News can be relied upon (we could not find this telegram in either the *Times* or the *Chronicle*), the speech of Admiral Meade is characteristic of the feelings of the ordinary American, while the kindly firmness displayed by President Cleveland shows that in the American democracy De Tocqueville's dictum does not hold good. That great critic believed that Government in an aristocracy was always better than average public opinion, while in a democracy it was always worse.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., is about to play the martyr once more. Formerly he had no breeches, and now he has too many debts. He is arranging for a provincial tour, and expects crowded houses, if not at Westminster, at any rate in Cork. Meanwhile the letter by Alderman Flavin in the *Freeman's Journal*, offering to raise for the patriot the amount wanted to satisfy Mr. Chance's judgment, turns out to be a hoax. Alderman Flavin refuses to play "advance agent" for Mr. O'Brien, and metaphorically at least twists Mr. O'Brien's effusive letter of thanks into a spill to light his duden with. Other claims against Mr. O'Brien, we learn, are forthcoming to the tune of £6000. We wish it had been £60,000. The O'Brien is becoming a greater bore even than Mr. Davitt, and he has less modesty than O'Donovan Rossa.

The Supreme Court of the United States has declared the income-tax to be a direct tax, and therefore unconstitutional, unless levied in proportion to population. The Treasury officials, however, have enough money in hand to carry on until Congress meets in December next. It is proposed then to increase the tax on beer to make up for the deficiency caused by the rejection of the income-tax.

It is reported that the President's policy of so-called "honest money" is not making much progress. Everything goes to show that the Democrats of the Southern and South-Western, and even of the Western States, are in favour of free silver coinage, and neither President Cleveland nor Mr. Carlisle can control them. Silver monometallism would stimulate agriculture in the United States, as it has done in India; but we do not believe that the Eastern States, the bankers, and creditors of the country will allow a measure to become law which would reduce their accounts by one-half.

Mr. Gibson Bowles asked the Home Secretary on Thursday morning whether some police regulation could be framed requiring such a registration and numbering of cycles as will secure the tracing of their riders or owners in case of accident. The time for some such regulation has come. The "scorchers" are often spoken of as a very small minority; but on some roads they are in a very large majority, as can be seen by any one who will attempt to walk from Sheen Gate in Richmond Park to the Kingston Gate on a Sunday. It is almost impossible and certainly dangerous for a pedestrian to keep the road. Every moment cyclists come past at fifteen or twenty miles an hour, without giving the slightest notice of their approach. They evidently rejoice in frightening ladies and startling men. The nuisance is intolerable, and must be checked in some way.

The *Daily Chronicle* is by far the ablest of the Separatist dailies, and its devotion to literature is so marked that we cannot help congratulating it when the occasion presses. On Wednesday last it published an article on the "Truth About Laundries," by a lady laundress, which was excellently done. On the Saturday the woman at the desk declared: "It's them as sends the work at this time o' day that's to blame; if I don't do it some one else will. I can't make you stay to-night; I can't make you come to-morrow, but them as stops and helps me shall have a shillin' to-day and another on Sunday and food the same as myself. I can't say

fairer than that, can I?" The details of the work in this underground cellar, "low and full of a steamy heat," where "the water lay in pools," are too terrible. "There was no covering to the windows; the glaring sun poured on our sickened heads, sweat dripped down the faces of the delicate, so intense became the heat that many worked in semi-nudity. . . . Libations of spirit, whose smell poisoned the sickly air, stimulated the weary. Tea in a tin pot lay on a ledge among dead flies, and the starch-box and beer-bottles testified to thirst." The lady laundress is going to continue her discoveries, we are glad to see, but surely the *Chronicle* will discard the coarse and catchpenny sub-title, "A Sunday with Soapsuds."

The result of the discussion raised by Lord Wolmer is that he is held to be Lord Selborne, and his seat in the House of Commons is vacated. A new writ has been moved for, and the trouble is over. The whole difficulty seems to us to have arisen from the fact that we base our Parliamentary procedure upon precedent, and regard the Constitution as something fixed and immutable, whereas the Constitution has grown and changed in every conceivable way. Our theory is not in accord with facts, and hence there is confusion. The status of peers at the present day is very much the creation of the House of Lords itself during the last century and a half. For instance, the Lords have evolved the doctrine that "summons followed by sitting" constitutes a hereditary peerage, and in accordance with this modern doctrine have revived three or four peerages in the last fifty years.

The House of Lords has further maintained that it is impossible even for the Crown to make a life peer. Every one will remember how Baron Parke was made Lord Wensleydale, with a seat in the House of Lords for life. The peers disputed this arrangement, and Lord Wensleydale was made into a hereditary peer. But this view is not in accordance with the Constitution. It would have surprised Henry VIII., or James I., or George I. to be told he could not make a peer for life, or indeed a peer for the term of his own pleasure. The whole modern theory is built upon the practices of a caste seeking to protect and increase its privileges. This endeavour of the House of Lords has not been opposed by the Commons; the Lower House is apt only to consider questions of practical expediency.

Both Moderates and Radicals in France are beginning to advocate retrenchment. No country in the world can stand an increase of forty millions per annum in expenditure every ten years; but still no Deputy gets up in the French Chamber to say what the real cost of the Madagascar expedition will be, much less to propose its withdrawal. Yet it threatens to become another Tonkin affair. Fever, it is said, is raging among the French troops. The mortality is reported to have been far greater than was expected; in one case a company of 150 men can only muster forty fit for service.

The President of the Divorce Court has at last established a precedent in the hearing of objectionable cases. A suit came up for trial before him on Tuesday last, the details of which were said to be loathsome to the extreme. Sir Francis Jeune thereupon requested all those who had no duty to perform to leave the Court, and begged the representatives of the press to omit in their report the names of witnesses and all the evidence that was gross. Sir Francis Jeune's advice has been respected by the press, as we knew it would be. We can only hope that his example will be followed by other Judges.

Newfoundland once again, misguided as ever by Sir William Whiteway, has refused to federate with the Dominion of Canada. The Whitewayites are anxious to show that there is an exception even to the rule that beggars cannot be choosers. The Budget of the Colony, laid before the Legislature this week, affords full evidence that the Newfoundlanders cannot pay their way, and it is not surprising that wideawake Canadian financiers are not prepared to lend such a State the two million dollars modestly asked for by Mr. Bond. Two million dollars

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are much more than the revenue of the Colony. The magnitude of the sum can only be fully realized when it is understood that a proportionate loan raised by Great Britain would amount to over £100,000,000. Newfoundland ought to have joined hands with Canada on almost any terms. The Colony stood to win, whatever the conditions; the Dominion, on the other hand, would have reaped a sentimental gain only.

Sir Frank Lockwood, at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner, declared that it was good to be chastened by reading Opposition papers. We hope that the Solicitor-General reads the *Saturday Review*, but we are not sure that we are called upon to chasten him. In fact he may find here a word of praise for himself, for his speech was admirably bright and adequate. May be he takes a somewhat over-sanguine view of the Fund. He called upon the leader-writers and the reporters of journals to appeal to the Fund whenever they broke down. We should not like to cast so great a burden upon the Fund. Sir Algernon Borthwick tells us it has an income of £856 a year. We fear that this sum would not go very far even among disabled leader-writers. But it is enough to give a dinner upon at any rate, and that is an opportunity for Sir Frank Lockwood's wit, for which we may be grateful.

Not only the Imperial Reichstag, but both Chambers of the Prussian Diet have now accepted motions advocating a return to bimetallism. These assemblies declare that an International Conference should be summoned with the object "of securing international bimetallism with the participation of England." All foreigners believe that England has blocked the way to a change in currency; but as we hope to see Mr. Balfour in power before the end of the year, we believe that the foreign champions of bimetallism will soon find, at least, a fair field for international discussion.

The manager of the *Times* has written to the manager of the Central News, asking him for the text of the telegram of "204 words in reference to Wei-hei-wei," which was received by the Central News on 7 February. It will be remembered that the manager of the Central News asserted that he had received such a telegram, and that it was reasonable to expand it to 600 odd words. He has thought it best, however, not to answer the request of the manager of the *Times*, and consequently his statement that a telegram was received by the Central News is doubtful. Under these circumstances we may well ask whether the daily papers intend to publish further telegrams (*sic*) from abroad sent them by the Central News.

M. Daudet, who came to visit us with a prejudice, confesses himself half converted to Anglomania. We are not so bad as we have been painted. We don't sell our wives in Smithfield, and we have some outward semblance of civilization. That is as far as his impressions have got at present, and we must possess ourselves patiently for further developments. It appears, however, that we are still devoted to "rosbif," which we presume M. Daudet had in his mind when he told the interviewer of our "coarse meat and horrible cookery." After that it would be a little ungenerous to suggest that our cooks, as Mr. Meredith once remarked, came from France in exchange for jockeys. The other point which offended M. Daudet in London was the insolent behaviour of our soldiers. He and M. Léon met a guardsman. He was "striding alone in the centre of the pavement, as straight as an arrow, with his small cap cocked on his ear, his chin strap just under his under-lip, and his self-asserting breadth of shoulder, his supercilious features expressed so much contempt for the rest of mankind, that it struck me as an outrage against modesty, against civilized gentleness, against the feeling of respect due from one man to another." If M. Daudet had been twenty, he told M. Léon, he would have hustled the soldier into the gutter. Poor Tommy Atkins! We are quite sure he was unconscious of any slight to M. Daudet. He was only bound for a walk "outer Chelsea to the Strand" with one of fifty housemaids. We can "hardly help laughing" at M. Daudet for having been so angry. Nor can he; so he tells us.

TOO POOR TO DISSOLVE.

IF anything could further discourage an already discredited Ministry, it would be the result of the Leamington Election. Sir William Harcourt makes no secret of his misery, for he tells his friends plainly that he wishes to goodness they would turn him out. The embarrassed phantom who flits from Mentmore to the Durdans, and occasionally steals into Downing Street, can hardly derive much real enjoyment from his courtesy title of Prime Minister. As a French punster puts it, Lord Rosebery does not lie upon a bed of roses. As the Premier and Sir William Harcourt have it absolutely in their power to ease the situation to-morrow, why on earth don't they do so? One theory is, that Lord Rosebery won't go out because his health may improve and the first place in the realm is a place to cling to; and another theory is that Sir William Harcourt is eager to wreck the ship which he cannot command. But both these theories assume a greedy egotism, and a petty personal jealousy, with which we are happily unfamiliar in our public men. We dismiss them both as unworthy imputations upon two very eminent personages.

But if neither Lord Rosebery nor Sir William Harcourt will retire, why don't they combine for once and dissolve Parliament? Surely they must have realized by this time that they are merely filling the cup with their own ineptitudes. There is, of course, the commonplace and vulgar explanation, always forthcoming on these occasions, that Ministers are overcome by the mere pleasure of power, and that their longing to touch the Treasury cheques is stronger than their desire to vindicate their policy to the constituencies. There is no originality about these charges, which are promulgated by those who would, but cannot, be Cabinet Ministers, and they are as unfounded as the equally common and equally spiteful remark that directors of city companies care about their paltry fees.

Money is at the bottom of the political situation, but not in the sense in which these commonplace critics mean. Any student of life is familiar with the painful position of the family who cannot change their neighbourhood because they cannot settle with their tradesmen. A purchaser has been found for the house, and their friends all live on the other side of the Park; but there is that tiresome butcher round the corner with his little bill. The truth is the Government cannot dissolve because they have neither the men nor the money for a General Election: they are tied to the Treasury bench by the prosaic fact that they haven't the "ready" to meet Mr. Hudson's little bill. No less than seventy Ministerial candidates are still wanting, and are being sought for with feverish anxiety by Mr. Schnadhorst's successor. A great many of their best men, like Mr. Rathbone, are retiring; and not a few of the candidates, whom they have booked, want their election expenses paid, and a good deal more besides. There is, we hear, a gentleman now careering about Scotland, who gets £100 a year until the election, and is to get £500 a year when elected. Then there is the General Election Fund, always a very large sum, out of which gentlemen of the highest position are assisted, who wouldn't have it known for the world.

And where is all this money to come from? What cure is there for this consumption of the purse? The Liberal Unionists carried off most of the money bags in 1886; but worse has befallen the Radical remnant since then. Mr. Labouchere has cut off the Pactolus stream that used to flow from the industrial districts, and Lord Rosebery has, with his own mad hands, killed the geese that laid the golden eggs. The House of Lords is now closed for ever to the wealthy Radical trader; peerages can no longer be sold to the plutocrat sweater or his descendant; and the coronet of the cotton-spinner's dreams is being kicked about in the gutter by the wittings of the *Daily Chronicle*. No wonder that, in the cant of the day, capital has been alienated by the labour policy of the Government. Almost without exception, rich men, who enter Parliament as Radicals, do so with a view to getting a peerage. What insane folly, then, on Lord Rosebery's part to attack the House of Lords! The Colmans are beginning to look blank; and how is the supply of Hussey Vivians and Stuart Rendels to be

kept up? It is true that Radicals, as soon as they got into the House of Lords, plastered their panels with coronets, and after a few perfunctory Radical votes settled down into steady Tories. But that didn't matter, as their places were taken in the Lower House by gentlemen of similar views. Ridiculous poverty, and nothing else, keeps the Government together, and forces Sir William Harcourt to curse a life he cannot quit.

CHITRAL AND THE FORWARD POLICY.

NOW that the excitement concerning the Chitral campaign has subsided and the little war is passing into history, it may be useful to inquire, What has been its political value? We have added some thousands to India's indebtedness, and we have made ourselves responsible for the government of a country which has possibly some political worth for us, and certainly has no other. Is this forward policy calculated to strengthen us in the event of a Russian invasion of India? For our own part we think that policy a mistake; we believe in the old policy, advocated by men of the highest experience, like Sir Neville Chamberlain in these columns last week. It does not seem to us that our strength is increased by diffusing our not over-large forces over larger areas of country, by slaughtering and alienating the warlike frontier tribesmen, and by exhausting the financial resources of India. We recommend those who wish to make a closer acquaintance with the Indian frontier problem to read a book by Colonel H. B. Hanna ("Can Russia Invade India?"), which has just been published by Messrs. Constable & Co.

The natural defences of India are, as Colonel Hanna points out, of unusual strength. The whole of India's north-west frontier is guarded by mountains, a river, and for three quarters of the distance by a desert. The mountains are lofty and barren; the river is wide and rapid; and the desert, varying in width from fifty to sixty miles, can only be crossed on the two or three lines where there are wells. Between Peshawar and Dadar there are only five passes "through which any large body of men could possibly move." Assuming an attack by Russia on the North-West Frontier from a military base at Kandahar, Colonel Hanna examines in detail each of the five routes. The Thal Chotiali, the Gomul, the Kuram, and the Khyber routes seem to present almost insuperable obstacles to any considerable invading force in the way of rugged mountain passes at high altitudes, absence of food and forage, intense heat and cold, barren desert, floods, dust-storms, rivers to be crossed, &c. Nor is the steep, narrow, and barren Bolan Pass more inviting. About sixty miles in length, it is intolerably hot at one season of the year, and swept by floods at the other. And between the Bolan and the Indus is a plain 160 miles in length, mostly desert, and the rest pestilential marsh. Wells are few, and an advance could only be made in small bodies. A Russian invasion by the Hindu Kush routes seems equally chimerical. The Russians had some experience in 1878 of the terrible nature of the country on the first stage of the route between Tashkend and Faizabad; and if they ever reached Faizabad, how would they procure supplies, which could certainly not be provided by either the city or the surrounding district? Think also of the task the Russians would have to undertake in conquering Afghan Turkistan and keeping the lines of communication open through that wild country. Supposing, however, the Russians succeeded in getting 50,000 men over the Dura Pass, which is 14,800 feet high, and is only open for 100 days in the year, between Chitral and Peshawar there would still be the Lahuri Pass to be traversed, which is 10,450 feet high, whilst between Gilgit and Kashmir are the two excessively difficult passes of Borzil and the Hatu Pir. The road from Faizabad to Chitral is constantly swept by terrible storms, and the difficulties of the journey between Peshawar and Chitral have recently been set forth by the *Times* special correspondent at Chitral. He describes the route between Panjkora and Dir as so difficult that it "would require blasting to make it practicable." From Dir over the Lahuri Pass it is "steep and rough"; whilst even in the Chitral valley it is "very bad" at one point, "where the cliffs run down to the river's edge."

What finally settles the problem of a Russian invasion is the question of supply and transport. Colonel Hanna, after elaborate calculation, comes to the conclusion that, what with the necessity of keeping open the lines of communication and maintaining the supply of food, forage, and ammunition, Russia would have to send at least 310,000 troops into the field. Now, when we take into consideration the fact that during the campaign of 1878-9, 63,000 of our camels perished in about six months, we get some idea of the tremendous difficulties the Russians would have to overcome. Colonel Hanna estimates that the Russians would need over one million camels and two million mules for transport. Supposing this, however, to be an exaggeration, they would certainly require at least a million of transport animals under present conditions. And where are they going to get all the food for the men and the forage for the cattle, in a country which is for the most part notoriously deficient in both, and suffers from periodical famines?

In conclusion, we ask, why make Russia's path easier for her if she desires to attack us? Why put yet greater pressure upon the overstrained Indian Exchequer by a further addition to the Indian Empire, which seems to possess neither military nor political value? In Colonel Hanna's words, why exchange "our old frontier, covered by a river, a desert, and a double range of mountains, and close to our own rich and populous provinces, for a new frontier, also, indeed, covered by a river and a desert, but with those same mountains behind instead of in front of it, and with more than six hundred miles of the most difficult country in the world between it and the State to whose security it will be supposed to contribute?" It seems as if, under the influence of Russophobia, Englishmen were losing their faculty of cool reasoning for which they are rightly distinguished. Let us bear in mind that marvellous phrase of Napoleon, which fits the Russia of to-day almost as aptly as the Russia of 1812. In spite of the extension of railways and improved means of communication, she is still, indeed, "a giant without bones."

THE CHURCH PATRONAGE BILL.

IN the House of Lords last week the Archbishop of Canterbury moved the second reading of the Church Patronage Bill, an improvement in many respects on that which was before the House of Commons last year.

The chief evil of the sale of advowsons consists, the Archbishop forcibly pointed out, in the ignoring of the high and sacred trust which constitutes the principal feature of the advowson. The result has been that the pleasures of field sports and of society with corresponding smallness of population and lightness of work have been the inducements openly relied on by clerical agents to attract clerical purchasers for the properties to the advertisements of which the Archbishop referred. When purchase of commissions was abolished in the army, all sorts of ill consequences were predicted; but experience has taught that the new system, though by no means perfect, works well on the whole. And so the present abolition of the sale of clerical preferments will, we have little doubt, be found to effect a salutary reform without a tenth part of the ill effects predicted by its opponents.

That some immediate hardship and loss will be inflicted on clerical owners of advowsons it is impossible to deny. When the Bill becomes law their property will at once become unsaleable. But one cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, and the reform is worth effecting even at a greater cost. From the nature of the case compensation is impossible, and the owners of advowsons must make up their minds to accept the inevitable as they gradually realize that their invested thousands have melted to hundreds, if, indeed, any value be left in the end, which is doubtful.

The undisguised desire of obtaining income, amusement and social advantages, and of avoiding work and responsibility, will no longer be possible as the motive actuating the appointment by himself of the clerical patron, a motive disclosed in the advertisements of clerical agents with a cynicism and a frequency that plainly prove the urgent need for the Archbishop's admirable Bill. Theoretically it is, of course, quite possible that a clerical patron may choose himself as

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actually the fittest person he can find for a piece of clerical preferment, but practically the position is a dangerous one, and the actual result has often been deplorable, it must be admitted. At the same time one cannot but observe that a more immediate and obvious cure would have been to strengthen the hands of the Bishop and enable him to require unmistakable fitness, and not merely the absence of flagrant disqualifications, for the post before instituting the person presented by the patron. Even when the Archbishop's Bill has become law (for we suppose the Liberationists will scarcely have the cynical audacity to oppose it in the House of Commons), this requirement of positive fitness for a post will hardly be provided, and nothing less can, in the interests of the Church of England, be held to be altogether satisfactory.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has listened with an open mind to the objections made to last year's Bill, and the result of this openmindedness and desire to conciliate is to be seen in certain notable improvements which favourably distinguish the present Bill.

The Simeon Trustees and similar bodies have been satisfied by their inclusion in the schedule of public patrons. It has been provided that lapsed patronage shall go not to the Bishop but to the Crown; that no presentation shall take place till after twelve months from the sale of the advowson, a shortening of the previously proposed period which seems perfectly reasonable; also that no clergyman shall present himself, a provision which, if strictly interpreted, would not be without effect on the exercise of patronage by the chapters of cathedrals, where the member who nominates really though not literally exercises the right of patronage. It is to be hoped that it will be no longer possible for a Canon of Canterbury to nominate himself to a rich living in the City of London and put in a curate to do the work on an inconsiderable fraction of the income drawn by the clerical pluralist and absentee.

Another and still more important improvement is the omission from the present Bill of the compulsory resignation clause. This was fraught with grave injustice to the generally underpaid and necessitous parochial clergy; and it will be time enough for the Archbishops and the Bishops to take in hand the compulsory retirement of blameless clergymen, whose only disability is their advanced age, when the Bishops themselves set the example to their clergy of retiring at seventy years of age. As long as Bishops of eighty and ninety years and over continue to occupy their palaces and draw their large incomes, the retort of the parochial clergy, when compulsory retirement is proposed for them by the bishops, will be obvious and pertinent, "Que Messieurs les Evêques commencent."

The only, or almost the only, doubtful and dangerous feature of the Bill, is the power of the parishioners to bring privileged accusations against their parish clergyman. We have the fullest confidence that so conscientious, earnest, and able a body of men as the present Bishops of our Church, will so use this portion of the Bill as to avoid abuses; but the vice of these privileged accusations lies in the fact that misuse is possible and easy, and that one is forced to depend, not on the excellence of the law itself, but on the personal trustworthiness, wisdom, and good feeling of the administrators of the law, the Bishops. We are aware of the undoubted difficulty of obtaining evidence against criminous clerics; but personal exertion on the part of a Bishop of a diocese ought to lessen this difficulty, and we fear that irresponsible slander may find its way, under the protection of privilege, into the Bishop's study, which will thus gain something of the undesirable reputation of the Lion's Mouth at Venice.

Finally, a most important and excellent principle is admitted in the power of objection to the clergyman presented which is given to the parishioners. This extends something of the nature of a veto to laymen; but it is a pity that the power of exercising not only the negative veto but also the positive choice or election, should not be, of course with due limitations and safeguards, extended to laymen who are members of the congregation and communicants as well as parishioners.

It is only by frankly recognizing that the trend of our national feeling and institutions is towards a larger share of popular representation and control, and by shaping our course accordingly, that the Church of England

can hope to retain the national confidence and support which her ever-increasing efficiency merits, and which by simply accommodating herself to her environment she can still unquestionably secure.

CRIMINAL APPEAL AND THE JUDGES.

WE cannot congratulate the promoters of the Bill for establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal on their sagacity. The zeal of their cause would seem to have eaten them up. One would imagine that before any such Bill, involving a permanent and fundamental change in our legal system, were drafted, the opinion of those who have the best right to a judgment on that system would have been taken. But the thought has only now for the first time occurred to the promoters, and the result is that they have received a gentle but decided snub from Her Majesty's Judges. The correspondence between the Lord Chief Justice and Sir Henry James, which has just been published, marks the folly of enthusiasm but too plainly. With good-natured tolerance, five-and-twenty Judges sat down in council to report upon the Bill at the promoters' request. They were suave enough in their manner, but their opinion is in the nature of a sharp rebuke. In the first place, the Bill pretends to formulate the recommendations of the Judges made in 1892. As a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind, but makes proposals of quite another character. The Judges recommended: (1) That appeal in capital cases should be allowed on the instance of the Home Secretary; (2) that appeal in non-capital cases should be allowed simply on the petition of the accused, or of the Attorney-General. There were other recommendations, but these will suffice to show how far the Bill diverges from what it purports to follow; for it provides for a right of appeal in all capital cases, permitting a new trial in certain events, and in all other cases of conviction on indictment. The difference between these two positions is as obvious as it is important, and the Judges show their sense of this by unanimously condemning the propositions of the Bill.

The arguments in favour of a Criminal Court of Appeal, indeed, are more specious than convincing, and five of the Judges would rather leave things where they stand. Nor would much harm come if the matter were dropped forthwith. But if we are to allow appeal, we certainly do not want a drastic measure which would cause a revolution in our jury system. The Judges set their faces severely against the idea of a new trial such as the Bill provides for. It would tend, they think quite rightly, to lessen the responsibility of juries. Moreover, we have an object-lesson in America sufficiently startling to warn us from any protracted delays such as this innovation would involve. A person convicted of a crime has nothing to lose and much to gain by getting another chance, and one may safely say that in nine cases out of ten an appeal would follow as a matter of course. The embarrassment to our law courts, and the unnecessary time, trouble, and expense ensuing, are manifest evils. If we are to allow appeals, they must be hedged about as privileges and guarded by reserves. Nor can the suggestions of the Judges be considered ungenerous. On the contrary, they are wide enough to cover any possible case of mistake or injustice, and yet are calculated to add as little as may be to the present legal procedure. Capital sentences may be referred, on the instance of the Home Secretary, to the Court of Appeal, which would be constituted of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division, with the addition of the Lord Chief Justice. The change here is slight. At present the Home Secretary carries the onus of the revision himself, but in practice consults the Judge who tried the case. It is therefore the Judge who is finally influential in the settlement. Under the proposed system it would be the Judges. The second suggestion would effect a definite alteration, for it would give to the accused himself the right of appeal. The Judges then would have power to revise or quash his sentence, and we have no doubt that they would make very short work of a case on its merits. The strange reflection that one takes out of all this is that a great deal of trouble is being expended in fashioning a hole by which to escape the jury. That a council of Judges should be looked upon as a refuge from a jury is a notion

that would have been laughed to scorn a hundred years ago. But we are wiser now, and our faith in the ancient system is a trifle stale. Certainly a second jury trial would be an evil even worse than a second ballot; and we hope that the Select Committee which is considering the Bill will ruthlessly eliminate the clause. That Select Committee will have hard work if it is to construct a decent measure out of the crude enthusiasm of the present Bill. But perhaps, as Sir Henry James suggests, the Judges will be good enough to give it their advice. The pity is that that advice was not asked long ago.

A BIOGRAPHY OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.*

A FRIEND of the family is often the worst person to write the biography of its great man, particularly when the family lives in a palace and the friend in Brompton Crescent. In the economy of the great families of the last century there was generally a gentleman of some culture who, while satisfying the spiritual wants of the household, was always ready to hand my lady a screen, to listen to my lord's stories, to catalogue the family pictures, and, if required, to compile the family history. Lord Randolph Churchill's "descent from the conqueror of Blenheim, through a long line of ennobled and affluent ancestors" (to quote the author), and the fact that he was "allied by his maternal connections with the stock of Castlereagh," seem to have been too much for Mr. T. H. S. Escott, whose pages are rank with the flavour of the family chaplain. It may be true that the subject of this skimble-skamble sketch would not have risen so rapidly to the top of the tree if he had not been the son of a duke: it is very probable that the House of Commons would not have tolerated his early pranks and audacities from any one but a lord. But Lord Randolph's friends will hardly thank Mr. Escott for so often reminding the public of advantages of birth, which only serve to obscure the natural force and genius of the man. The historical inaccuracies into which Mr. Escott has fallen have been already exposed in the press, and have been apologized for by his friends on the ground of haste, which is no excuse, for Mr. Escott was not under any obligation to publish this life when he did, or at all. Nor is it haste, but mere ignorance, that is responsible for the allusion to "Lord Beaconsfield's Land Act of 1870" (p. 133), for the description of the great-grandson of Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Irish Parliament, as "the Anglo-American squire whom an accident of birth had settled in the beautiful vale of Avoca" (p. 159), and for the assertion, on p. 187, that Captain Middleton succeeded Sir John Gorst as manager of the Conservative Party. Apart from historical blunders, the want of familiarity with the names of celebrated books, and the down-at-heel slovenliness of composition, are, in a professional penman, simply astounding. Nobody expects a professional journalist to be an original thinker, or a profound student; but his trade is supposed to teach him how to write correctly as well as rapidly, and he generally acquires the habit of treating books as some men do peers, by learning their titles and boasting of their acquaintance. But what are we to say to a journalist who writes "euphuistically" for "euphemistically," and who remarks on Sir William Harcourt's familiarity with the "Memoirs of Sir Lascelles Wroxall?" Of slatternly sentences, the two following samples shall suffice: "Nor can there be much doubt that the opinion formed during his stay there by the Merton authorities generally is correct, and that their calibre would, with very little more application, have enabled Churchill to obtain a first class" (p. 46). "There had, perhaps, though Randolph Churchill does not mention the fact, been some ground for supposing Lord Beaconsfield, whose activity in public affairs was not extinguished after the reverse of 1880, but whose interest continued with them to the last, with favouring an *entente cordiale* between the Hartingtonian Liberals and his own more progressive followers." If professional authors write like this, what can be expected of the thousand and one amateurs?

The arrangement of the book is as bad as its style, for there is no perspective and no sense of proportion. In a volume of 395 pages, Lord Randolph's boyhood, undergraduate life, and silent membership of the 1874 Parliament, absorb 94 pages, while 71 pages are allotted to his career from 1885, when he became Indian Secretary, down to his death in 1895. Lord Randolph Churchill's boyhood and youth, like those of many other great men, were not marked by any signs of genius, and can be interesting only to his near relatives. His appearance upon the Treasury bench, first as Secretary of State for India, then as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House, his resignation, his conduct as the candid friend of Government in the corner seat, and the dramatic tragedy of his end, are crowded into four curt and hurried chapters, occupying less space than the twaddle about the Blenheim eel-pond and the Merton Myrmidons. The best part of Mr. Escott's "monograph," and that on which he has bestowed most pains, is the portion devoted to the story of Lord Randolph's supreme struggle with his official leaders, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury.

Lord Randolph Churchill leapt into public notice immediately after the meeting of the new Parliament in 1880, in connection with the claim of Mr. Bradlaugh, as an atheist, to affirm, instead of swearing, allegiance. It is not to be supposed that either Lord Randolph or Sir Henry Drummond Wolff cared much about the parliamentary oath, for both lived in a world where religious enthusiasm does not flourish; and two political parties quarrelling about religion always seem to me rather like two men quarrelling about a woman, for whom neither cares a pin. But Lord Randolph had the unerring instinct of a born parliamentarian for a good situation; and having made himself famous over the Bradlaugh incident, he used his suddenly acquired power for what was really the creative part of his life-work, that part of it which will live long after the gabble about his resignation, his violent outbursts, and his pathetic collapse, are forgotten—the transformation of Toryism from the apologetic cult of the privileged classes and their London organs into the militant creed of the industrial masses. Lord Beaconsfield had, of course, preached the principles of Tory democracy for a generation; but his novels and speeches were, in reality, caviare to the general; he believed to his death that London was the key to England; and his triumph in 1874 was as much due to a dislike of Mr. Gladstone as to an understanding of the Disraelian oracle. Lord Randolph was no mystic; the simplicity of his character was his great attraction, for everybody could see that he was hewing at the giants, and every one sympathized with him—except the giants. Provincial clerks and artisans lighted their tapers at the flame of his genius; and for the first time Toryism under his guidance entered in at lowly doors.

In 1885 Lord Randolph Churchill entered upon his short official career, and made a very favourable impression upon the permanent officials at the India Office. I remember the late Sir Henry Maine telling me some years ago that what surprised him most in the new Secretary of State was, not his aptitude for acquiring facts, but his docility and respect towards his instructors. He had not time even to introduce his second Indian Budget; but he reappeared after the elections of 1886 as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House, a position from which, with the perfectly inconsiderate egotism of all great men, he had ousted Sir Michael Hicks Beach. What sort of a Budget he would have introduced, the next generation may learn from the Greville of the day; but it may be conjectured that it would have borne a strong family resemblance to Sir William Harcourt's. What sort of a leader of the House he would have made it is difficult to say. The constant excitement might have staved off his disease, or it might have precipitated it. He did admirably during the few weeks he sat opposite the box; and it certainly is extraordinary that a man of his rare intelligence should have fallen by the commission of two such very commonplace blunders as the belief that he was indispensable, and that the economy of public money was popular. When once a man has lost the secret of success, he rarely recovers it, but in his frantic search only piles mistake upon mistake. After two years of ineffectual isolation in the corner seat above the gangway,

* "Randolph Spencer Churchill." By T. H. S. Escott. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

the death of Mr. Bright placed within Lord Randolph's reach an opportunity of retrieving all his past errors, and of recovering his old power as a popular leader out-of-doors. Curiously enough, the founder of Tory democracy had never sat for a democratic constituency, and his return by the Central Division of Birmingham would have been such a ratification of his conduct as might have reopened the door of the Cabinet, and would certainly have restored to him much of his former prestige. But in 1889 Lord Randolph's nerve and judgment were already beginning to fail, and he weakly allowed the question of his candidature to be referred to Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, who decided that he should not stand, for reasons which cannot be inquired into here. In 1893 there was a final flicker of the old fire, when, in his speech on the Welsh Suspensory Bill, he compared the Government policy to a Whitechapel auction, and men went about saying: "Randolph might be our leader to-morrow"; but it was only the last leap of a dying fire.

A great orator Lord Randolph Churchill was not, for he lacked the cultivation necessary for a sustained style, though he was very clever at inventing or appropriating portable phrases, and frequent purple patches in his speeches discovered a good natural ear for literary effect. He triumphed on the platform and in the House of Commons by sheer mother-wit, and by a bold use of the advantages, which a man of the world always has, in dealing with the solemn mediocrities who pass for statesmen. He was a great statesman, not because he carried great measures, for he was only in office a few months, but because he founded a school of political thought, by the enunciation of a few clear and simple ideas, rather than precise political principles. Of the grossest faults of taste he was frequently guilty; so was Burke, and from the same cause, sincerity of passion. He had a parliamentary courage not inferior to that of Lord Beaconsfield, and his private character was marked by some very noble traits. He was an affectionate son, a warm and generous friend, and such was his magnanimity that he not only forgave, but frequently assisted, those who had attacked him. It is to be hoped that some day a competent biographer will give us an adequate portrait of one of the most fascinating figures of his time.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

THE LATE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE death of the Earl of Pembroke has deprived us of a remarkable man, who, but for his weak health, might have rendered real service to his country. His peculiar beauty of person was only the outward and visible sign of a mind and character that under happier conditions would have fitted him to play an important part in his generation.

Lord Pembroke succeeded in early life to a great historical position and to a political inheritance bequeathed to him by his father, Sidney Herbert. But except for a short time when made Under-Secretary for War by Lord Beaconsfield, a post he soon resigned from ill-health, his public work was confined to speeches of singular breadth and sincerity, and to articles and occasional letters to the Press on subjects connected with the position and safety of the Empire. He advocated, in days when it was not yet fashionable, the policy of maintaining the unity of the Empire and its vital commercial interests by the supremacy of our naval power. He was among the first to try and awaken the country to the sense of the danger that might be incurred if our fleet were not made equal to meet the heavy tasks it might be called upon at any moment to perform. He also spoke and wrote much and vigorously about Ireland, and held strongly that the welfare of both Great Britain and the sister island were bound up in each other. By words and liberal gifts he did much on his own estates in Ireland to develop the local industries and the energy of the people; and in Wiltshire threw himself into every social interest, whether charitable, agricultural, or political. It is not too much to say that he gained for himself the sympathy and esteem of all sorts and conditions of men. He had a keen taste for everything that makes life enjoyable—study, art, good fellowship, sport; he was an omnivorous reader, with a passion for seclusion and study. Many will recollect enjoyable days at Wilton when

he talked of the great Vandykes and the art treasures of his house, or sat discussing politics and books under the old cedars. His conversation was full of fancy and humour and thought. He had travelled much, and had a ready glancing wit, which made him the most delightful of companions. As a mere talker few were his equals, and he had also the gift of expressing himself in letters with almost conversational ease and force. He was a sportsman to the backbone, with an innate love and understanding of horses and dogs; for the latter, especially, he had a great affection. He was one of the best shots in England, a genuine sportsman who loved a day by himself in the water meadows of the Wiley after duck and snipe, as much as bringing down with enviable skill his rocketers, almost out of shot, from the bottoms of Groveley Woods. Like his father, to whom horses, their breeding and racing, had a strong attraction, he gave up what he feared might, to him, prove the too engrossing interests of the stud and the racecourse. Perhaps his favourite sport, if we may call it a sport rather than a science, was boat-sailing. Did he inherit this love of the sea from some remote ancestors, or did some of the spirit of the South Sea Islanders enter into his soul when a lad in the Pacific? In all weathers, on the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland, among the storm-blown Scillys, he might be seen sailing his cutter, with a dexterity born of nerve and knowledge, in weather when even a hardened fisherman might have hesitated to put to sea. A charming contribution to the Badmington Library, on "Boats and Boat-Sailing," was from Lord Pembroke's pen, showing a deep scientific and practical knowledge of the subject, and written so gracefully and with such a breezy touch as to fascinate the fancy of many a longshoreman and to make him envy or perhaps emulate those whose business is on the great waters. His light wit and love of thought were both shown in the books written in extreme youth, "The South Sea Bubbles," and "Roots," and the same vein of lively and graceful play of mind appears in almost the last words he published, the preface to Becke's "Under Reef and Palm."

The beauty, purity, and manifold graces of his private life cannot be fully entered upon here; but his unbounded generosity and unselfishness, the heroism with which he bore many painful illnesses and enforced inaction, his modest estimate of himself, his devotion to his friends, among whom were found men of all opinions, were amongst the most striking of his characteristics. Yet perhaps the most remarkable of all has not been enough touched upon: I refer to the depth and thoroughness of his mind. That such a man should have passed from us while his career was incomplete, cannot but be a matter of regret.

R. TALBOT.

DIES DOMINÆ.

II. THE VALUE OF LOVE.

WHEN we come to consider the woman of this time as she stands in regard to love, we touch the essential point of her dissimilarity to the woman of the past. If a vein of romance runs through her—and the modern woman is often romantic though never sentimental—love is still in her estimation the best thing in life, bearing, nevertheless, about the same relation to it as a fantasia does to an opera. To her it is a luxury, inessential though delightful, bringing with it the keenest of human sensations and the most ephemeral. And this conviction of the poignancy and the evanescence of sexual affection lies at the very gate of desire, at once quickening it and quenching it. But that sublime faith in love which has been a living spirit in the soul of "Eve throughout the ages" has gone down before the eyes that are at last unbandaged and the mind whose perceptions have been whetted by education into seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. In the love of the modern woman there is not a shred of illusion, though it lacks neither subtlety nor intensity. Even at white heat she has never *l'air de croire à son bonheur*. For the difficulty of believing in her lover, which wrung the heart of Mariana and her sisters, has vanished before the much greater difficulty of believing in herself. As a matter of fact the instincts of fidelity are not in her. She

is not like her grandmother, a fixed quantity, in whom the prepossessions of youth deepened as the years passed. In the good old days life moved on leaden feet, and love kept pace with it. A girl then embarked on her first passion with the firm conviction that it was going to last her lifetime, and as a result it frequently did. At fifty she was practically the same creature as at twenty, and the same love sufficed for both decades. She was faithful by nature as well as by obligation, and knew as little about her sensations as a cabbage does about its growth. Love was to her merely the ante-chamber to marriage, and the idea of pursuing it for its own sake never dawned upon her placid soul, wherein only known gods were deified and domestic ideals cherished. Nowadays the dust lies thick upon all these. Life is no longer sluggish but ardent—earnest, impetuous—its waters whipped to fineness, and its stream swift. It has washed many new things within her reach, new perspectives, new aspirations, new affections. As her nature blossoms it hungers for fresh food at every stage of its development—interests with a pulse in them—sensations with a bloom on them. How should the man of her maiden favour fulfil the need of her maturity? To every season its book and its bonnet; why not also its love?

So at each renaissance of passion her spirit, drifting among the ghosts of disembodied kisses, has a faint foretaste of those yet to come. Nor is this the limit of her consciousness. With that realization of her nature's complexity comes the prescience that no one man will ever learn it thoroughly. Thus she moves among men, taking whatever seems good to her—from this man intellectual sympathy, and practical assistance from that. From one an idea, from another a caress, without, however, being prone to real affection in any sense of the word. The woman of culture is always reluctant to give any man a lien on her soul, and fearful of submerging the independence of the spirit in the contact of the flesh. Although she may take love as an anodyne to deaden the *peine forte et dure* of thought, she shrinks from even a temporary abnegation of that intellectual attitude towards things which she has purchased at the price of her peace. Yet she is rarely indifferent to the pleasure of being adored. It is often the least responsive women whose desire for love is the most imperious. The others are satisfied with less, being absorbed in their own impulses. But she who is laodicean herself resents that quality in her lover. In the presence of the love that is more than love she feels like a cat lying in the sun, though if the sun is an unconscionable time a-dying she reads its requiem. It is only the man nowadays who "in love's deep woods will dream of loyal life."

For this cheapening of love two things seem to be responsible, and of these the first is the decline of religious belief. It was mainly the early interpreters of Christianity who preached the subjection of woman. Fear of priestly execration and Divine vengeance kept many women honest; and now that the Church has lost its authority for some consciences, and the truth of its tenets is questioned, a certain loosening of the moral tension in woman has supervened. Besides this, the dissemination of democratic doctrines has taught her that she is an individual—a human being, instead of a mere function, with rights and liberties of her own—the right to love or not to love, the liberty to give or withhold. Thus has love come to be an episode instead of the main issue of existence, its sole occupation, and its single idea. In the house of life there is only an attic now for Cupid, instead of a great wide room.

Still, with the awakening of the intellect there has been a coincident awakening of the senses. All through the centuries the physical faculties of woman have either lain dormant or have been exercised instinctively without comprehension. Now, for the first time in her progress towards perfect knowledge, their significance has been revealed to her, and as yet she can think of nothing else. The momentary consequence of this absorption in the physical aspect of everything is disastrous enough. Every problem in heaven and earth is brought to the edge of this newly acquired consciousness, and the she-animal is abroad cursing man's monopoly of the *joie-de-vivre*. In those cases where the curb is not irksome to her, she demands that he shall wear it

likewise. But the persistence with which she parades her "scourged white breast" throws a strange irony into her exigent virtue. The virtue that has never been assailed is, if not the worthiest, certainly the most blatant. There are some shrieking sisters whose isolation is hardly open to doubt. It has all the bitterness of a passionate regret. Some women there be who live their lives unto themselves, and yet are full of sweetness to the end; but there are others who wither into a career of active malevolence that masquerades under a thin disguise of militant modesty. The sole satisfaction these women get out of life is in preventing the well-favoured of their sex from accepting the love which man has denied to themselves. Their crusade may make for the welfare of the world, but for that they do not care a jot—these *Vierges du mal* with an oriflamme in the place of the lily.

There is, to the student of tendencies, an indescribable pathos in this new order of things. At the moment woman seems still to be floating amid the mists of her lost illusions, on fire with the passion of the impossible, sick unto death of her outworn ideals, and girt about with the incense of strange prayers. Having forsworn the service of love she would still retain the beauty of life, and wander over "the crooked hills of delicious pleasure" without forfeiting the old-world sanctuary. She would sin and yet not suffer; she would pluck the "roses and raptures" of passion, and yet be white of soul. But until she learns that love cannot be bought at store prices, she will drift deathwards undelighted and unshriven—a follower after empty symbols and impotent divinities. Yet will this quickened consciousness lead eventually to her perfecting. The quiescence of ignorance is gone for ever, but inertia is not serenity after all. Only through knowledge distilled over the fire of experience can woman pass from the sphere of delirium in which she now lingers, to the place where the desire of the flesh and its satisfaction becomes an inconsiderable incident in life, instead of the aim and end of it. Having just discerned the falseness of the sentiment on which her rule of life was founded, she is still burning with the memory of many secret flagellations and many open expiations of joyless and purposeless sins. But as this feeling dies out and goes the way of all indignations, the woman of the future will put on the robe of self-repression in which man wrapped her round aforetime. Only she will realize that which she voluntarily renounces for the benefit of the race, that the blood of her sons may be pure and their souls unstained. Having tasted the new wine of life, she will understand that the old is better.

A WOMAN OF THE DAY.

A REJOINDER.

BY LADY JEUNE.

IF I were prepared to admit the absolute dissimilarity which the writer of the foregoing article thinks she sees between the woman of to-day and the woman of the past, it would be necessary to admit that the feelings with regard to love and passion have also changed. But I cannot allow that any such evolution has taken place. There is no evidence of any value to prove that the whole nature of women has altered, and that an overwhelming deluge of passion is sweeping or has swept away all the most delicious illusions of life. The tendency of modern life and the greater freedom attained by women have brought them to a footing of greater intimacy and less restraint with men than formerly, but the effect has surely not been to quicken the sensual feelings of women. If it were so, the freedom now allowed to them and the pleasant intimacy enjoyed by girls and boys and men and women, which has altered and improved social life in England, could not exist for another day. There are women to whom modesty, fidelity, and real devotion are absolutely unknown, who change their lovers as they do their bonnets or their shoes. Such women have always existed. There have been Messalinas and Catherine throughout the history of the world; but their number has not increased. I look among the women of England for the shameless and insatiate creature who, I am told, represents the New Woman of the time, and I cannot find her. There are two great

factors in English life which militate against the creation or existence of this woman. The first is that the average English woman is a cold, almost passionless, creature, to whom the allurements of passion offer small temptation; and the second is the hold which religion still has over her conscience and life. It appears to me that the influence of education and its effect on women must have tended to diminish the animal part of their nature, and to create a new and wholesome outlet for those whose superabundant health and energy needed one. Possibly some, bewildered by their new enfranchisement, have tried to emulate men, and in their attempts to do so have succeeded in unsexing themselves. With the majority the larger aims and wider scope of their life have tended to elevate their character, purify their desires, and raise them to a higher level of intellectual existence. The influence of religion, fortunately, is still the strongest in every woman's life, and its strength will ever continue to grow. No woman can live her life without the restraints and support of religion; it is as necessary to her as food and clothing. The strong positive belief of dogma may fade; the new life, with its temptations and pleasures, will appeal to her deeply and passionately; but the inherent influence of religion will always remain as an anchor which will enable her to ride out the storm. The waves of passion and temptation may surge and beat around her, but the beacon light of the prayers she learnt at her mother's knee will always be burning on her course. That there are moments in the lives of women when an overwhelming temptation or passion may sweep away every restraint I do not deny, and I do not pretend to say that at such a crisis in her life any influence affects her save the overpowering one, but the atmosphere of religion in which English women still live, lessens the chances of such a position for the majority. There is always in the sweet fulfilment of love, in the sympathy and companionship which time neither dims nor vulgarizes, that which will always preserve something tender and idyllic in the relations between men and women. With the tornadoes of passion, with the unsatisfied desires, with treachery, infidelity, inconstancy, the great mass of women have nothing to do; they are content to lead their lives, as heretofore, with none of the unrest or "passion of the impossible" disturbing their souls. The voyage of discovery on which the New Woman is embarking will end on the rocks of a life's shipwreck; she may attempt to taste the sweets of passion, the feast of love, but she will find that the desire of the flesh is but dead sea-fruit, and only a very insignificant and inconsiderable incident in the wondrous wealth of human tenderness. The old old story will still be told to gentle modest women by the men who hold purity the richest pearl a woman can possess. The sweet mysteries of love will still remain to be unfolded to the girl who believes that her love is to be the love of her life, quickening and deepening as life grows to evensong. The obligation of fidelity will be as natural to her as it was in the old days, because human nature is stronger than any laws we may make to change it, and the instinctive feeling of a woman, like a dog, is fidelity, fidelity to the man she loves, the man to whom she has given herself. Education and modern influences may modify for a time the bent of her life, and may cause some women to break away and embark on other lines and ways of living, but the prodigals will return home, finding out the hollowness and impossibility of the career they prepared for themselves. From physical causes, women cannot lead the same lives as men, do what they may; and as Nature, in her wisdom, has placed such restrictions on them, they will recognize, after a time, their limitations, and be content to admit that they have been worsted in the unequal struggle.

A FRENCH POET AS CRITIC.

[T] was only the other day that a poet's opinion about other poets found its way into literature for the first time. It is true that Ben Jonson wrote some wonderful verses about Shakespeare, but no other singer of that age thought it worth while to chant Shakespeare's praises or poor Marlowe's elegy. Jonson's panegyric remained for centuries as a sort of happy accident without forerunner or follower. Poets scarcely ever sang of poets, just as

painters scarcely ever painted their masters or rivals, and the bad tradition came down to our own century; for it is a bad tradition: an attitude of mind that springs for the most part from envy, jealousy, and uncharitableness. There is nothing that interests the artist so much as his fellow-artist's attempts and achievements; and if a poet sang from his heart, as we like to think he does, he would tell us of other poets as naturally and inevitably as a scientist tells us of other scientists. It would seem now as if this natural tendency had gained self-confidence and were about to become a habit. It is not the first new development of art that this nineteenth century has seen. Landscape painting, for instance, scarcely entered into the literature of the past. Of course, a Sophocles or a Virgil, prescient of the future, has here and there given us a wonderful land- or sea-scene; but no one will deny that the descriptions of Nature, which even in Shakespeare and Milton seem accidental and accessory, have grown to unexampled importance in Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson. And in the same way Coleridge writes books about Shakespeare, and Wordsworth divine sonnets to Milton, and Shelley his splendid lament for the dead Keats:

"Till the Future dares

Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be

An echo and a light unto eternity!"

And what was once a thing of chance and accident becomes habitual and, so to speak, necessary. We welcome the change. As Joubert said long ago, we want saints to tell us about saints and about religion, too, which is the fine essence of saintly souls, and for the same reason we want poets to sing to us of poets, and of that divine spirit of poetry that gilds the common facts of life with heavenly alchemy. With such prepossessions we turned naturally to a paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which tells of Leconte de Lisle and of what he thought of the French poets of his time.

Under the pseudonym of Jean Dornis, a lady well known in Paris, Madame B., who knew Leconte de Lisle intimately, has published this curious article about him, in which one finds some hitherto unedited verses of the poet and some of his judgments of his brother artists. The opinion of a poet upon his contemporaries goes to form, we think, that traditional verdict on them which must be considered as definitive as any verdict in this world can be. Of course, Leconte de Lisle's liking for classic models has rendered him more than kind to the De Vignys and Lamartines, and somewhat unjust to the Romantics, while his attitude towards Baudelaire as representing the moderns is ridiculously absurd. But, after all, these are the frank deliverances of a poet, and as such we believe they deserve to be recorded.

"Alfred de Vigny: A great and noble artist, in spite of frequent weaknesses of expression. This man lived his life in silence and solitude far from his fellows, poor in money but rich in dignity and self-respect, loyal always to the one religion that never disappoints its worshippers—the religion of the beautiful."

"Lamartine: A fruitful imagination; an intelligence gifted with a thousand ambitions and noble desires rather than with any real powers; a fine nature, but a poor artist; a great poet, now and then, and as it were by chance. He has left behind him as an expiation a number of wretched versifiers with liquid brains and hearts of stone—pitiable children of an illustrious father."

Leconte de Lisle, however, could admire some of the Romantics, though even in the case of Hugo and Gautier he never let himself go to such praise as he poured upon De Vigny.

"Victor Hugo: The greatest lyric poet of the world; excessive in everything; at once puerile and sublime, inexhaustibly rich in splendid as in confusing and incoherent images; a marvellous dreamer, with extraordinary intellectual gaps."

This seems to us a wonderful judgment of Hugo, and we do not dissent altogether from Leconte de Lisle when he sums up Alfred de Musset in three contemptuous phrases: "As a poet he was a mediocrity; as an artist he did not exist; as a prose writer he was very witty." We should, however, like to add "and charming" to these last words. Leconte de Lisle, it seems to us, is more than fair to Théophile Gautier, whom he judges thus: "An excellent poet; an excellent writer, very unjustly neglected." We confess that we do not care much for

the jeweller's work in Emaux et Camées. These poems give us the impression of cunning manufacture and not of natural growth, and we would exchange them all cheerfully for those faulty but charming "Nuits" of Alfred de Musset.

Beranger is treated by Leconte de Lisle with a savage and unwarranted contempt. "He is a mere writer of topical songs." His mental attitude and his religion are dismissed with a sneer. "This stuff of Beranger," we are told, "was the fashion at one time, and, like everything that is the fashion, it is now fallen into dust and oblivion once and for all." We are not concerned to fight for Beranger. We have always thought that Sainte-Beuve's elaborate but somewhat contemptuous estimate of the *chansonnier* was fair enough; but one point seems to be overlooked by the superior people such as Leconte de Lisle, and that is the rarity of such a talent as Beranger's. There are twenty writers of classic French verse in every age, but scarcely one popular singer in a century, and it may well be that the gaiety of a Beaumarchais will outlast the severe grace of De Vigny, and the catching refrains of Beranger outlive "Les Poèmes Barbares."

It is when he treats of Baudelaire and Les Fleurs du Mal that Leconte de Lisle does himself the greatest injustice. We put it in this way because we believe that Baudelaire is beyond reach of the malice and misapprehension, not only of Leconte de Lisle but of all other persons. His place is secure enough, for he stands with Heine crowned as the second of the great moderns. And yet this is how Leconte de Lisle ventures to speak of Baudelaire: "Very intelligent and original, but with a narrow imagination, and a comparatively weak lyrical impulse. His art is often awkward (*maladroite*)." Unfortunately for Leconte de Lisle, the world esteems high intelligence and originality more than fluency of rhythmic inspiration; and the art that tries to render new ideas and new emotions is apt to seem awkward and unequal to the gentleman who admires the perfectly expressed commonplace. But, as we have said, Baudelaire needs no defenders, and so we can part from Leconte de Lisle in all amity. We love the austere grace of classics like himself and De Vigny, just as we love the magnificent images and passionate enthusiasm of the great romantics, and we do not see that these loves need to render us unjust to moderns like Heine and Baudelaire, who have borne a heavier burden of unhappy knowledge.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ACADEMY.

OF the attitude of the general public towards architecture at the Royal Academy there can be no doubt: the architectural room is popularly regarded as supplying what the committee of the Champs-Élysées luxuriously provide a "Salon de Repos." The attitude of the Academy itself is not so obvious. Judging from the drawings which they were in the habit of exhibiting some ten years ago, before the world had heard of the Arts and Crafts, or the Art-Worker's Guild, they then doubtless regarded architecture as a profession. At that time, most of the drawings exhibited there were executed in pen and ink in that orthodox manner, which, though it is capable of finely rendering no single architectural quality, yet lends itself admirably to the purposes of reproduction in the building papers, and militates against no condition of good advertisement. Now, questions of tone, mass, and colour are dealt with in the drawings of many exhibitors at the Academy, particularly of the younger men; and judging from the impartiality with which the Academy treats both the older and newer schools, it would seem that they leave it for others to decide whether architecture is a profession or an art.

The place of honour, however, is given to Messrs. Aston Webb and Ingress Bell's accepted design for the new buildings of Christ's Hospital, at Horsham (No. 1511). The drawing itself is executed with the pen in that scratchy manner whose only virtue is, as we have said, that it lends itself admirably to the purposes of reproduction in one of the building papers: of the design itself it is more difficult to speak. It is certainly worthy of the firm who could set up that pitiful piece of architectural coxcombry, the new building of the United Service

Institution at Whitehall, beside the most fastidious and distinguished piece of classic architecture in England. Indeed, the productions of these gentlemen are so far removed from the sphere of art that it is impossible to solemnly discuss them as if they were designs for architecture. We have no doubt that their buildings are efficiently constructed with every regard for economy, and that they perfectly fulfil every utilitarian purpose for which they were intended; but even at that, a building only remains a building; even in England, something more is necessary to lift it into the sphere of architecture. And more their work does not possess, except a vulgarity and pretentiousness which is only equalled in English art by the vulgarity and pretentiousness of Professor Herkomer's work. In certain cases, of course, the kind of design which Messrs. Aston Bell and Ingress Webb produce with so much success has an appropriateness which must give pleasure alike both to those who affect art and those who are indifferent to it; in the case of Mr. Wm. H. Beattie's large pen drawing of the "North British Railway New Hotel and Head Offices, Edinburgh" (No. 1583), for instance, where the chief business of the architect is to impress the public with a sense of financial prosperity. Beyond this it is hard to draw any very real distinction between Mr. Beattie's design and Messrs. Bell and Webb's design, except an unimportant and merely external difference of style; in both, the great qualities of architecture have been equally ignored; in both, architecture as an art has been passed over with scarcely a thought. Yet, as we say, the sense of appropriateness, which must appeal to every one in Mr. Beattie's design, is entirely absent in that of Messrs. Aston Bell and Ingress Webb. It is impossible to look at their design for the new buildings for Christ's Hospital and not to avoid the reflection that here is a vast institution, a charity no doubt, for supplying commercial houses in the city with efficient youths. Now, if there is one fine architectural tradition which has been handed on in unbroken succession since the Middle Ages, a tradition which is wholly admirable and peculiarly English, it is that tradition of collegiate architecture of which the university buildings at Oxford and Cambridge are the great result. In them architecture becomes an outward and visible expression of true education: to have lingered about their courts and quadrangles is in itself a kind of generous discipline of spirit; they remain with us, in the phrase of Wordsworth, the "glorious work of fine intelligence." Surely, it is as necessary that the buildings of a great public school like Christ's Hospital should bear upon them this impress of "fine intelligence," as that they should be properly constructed in regard to the exigencies of the school and the health of the boys. With what feelings, we wonder, would Lamb or Coleridge have exchanged the sombre cloisters of the old Grey Friars for this collection of petty buildings, peppered helter-skelter, with neither dignity, distinction, nor any other quality of real design, over a site at Horsham. But let us turn from the profession of architecture to architecture as an art.

By far the most interesting, the most distinguished architectural design at the Academy is to be found in the two frames of drawings which Mr. Charles Mileham sends for "St. Saviour's Priory Chapel, Haggerstone" (Nos. 1433 and 1443). Mr. Mileham's work recalls to mind that rare folio of engravings after drawings by Robert West, published at the beginning of the last century, of the mediæval churches which at that time were still standing in the City, but which have since been pulled down or "restored" to their original condition, with scarcely an exception. In these engravings a mediæval City church appears as a thing of shreds and patches; it had been left by its gothic builders a medley of styles, only to be fantastically repaired and altered by successive churchwardens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This accidental character of church architecture in London seems to have suggested to Mr. Mileham the eclectic style which he employs with no little charm in his design for the chapel at Haggerstone. The arcades and vault of the interior recall those of a Romanesque church, while the low tower and wooden spire, the embattled parapets, and the classical cornices of the interior, are such as might have been added in the seventeenth century. The

fastidious taste in architecture is a gentleman at it is more design than economy, purpose for a building something of architecture, except by equalled business of of course, and Ingress appropriate those who in the case of the Offices, the chief public with this it is seen Mr. design, reference of architecture have as an art. Yet, as st appeal by absent b. It is buildings tion that supply youths. which has Middle ale and collegiate Oxford architecture of true arts, and pline of Words. Surely, t public them should cies of a what e have ars for kelter, quality is turn ure as

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some kind of somewhat arbitrary eclecticism which runs through all the details of this design, but which is always introduced with a sense of fitness and harmony, becomes a distinguishing characteristic in the more remarkable work of the younger men. An eclecticism of this kind was first employed by the late Mr. John Sedding, in his remarkable church of the Holy Trinity, at Sloane Square, which has, no doubt, proved a source of powerful influence with the designers who have come after him. Chief among these is his former pupil and assistant, Mr. H. Wilson, who sends to the present Academy two large studies in colour for the proposed church of St. Andrew, Boscombe: one being a study for the west front (No. 1507), and the other for the interior of the church (No. 1519). Less interesting, because this principle of eclecticism is carried less far in them, are the designs which Mr. Henry Skipworth exhibits; especially the drawings for the new church of St. Etheldreda, Fulham (Nos. 1559 and 1599) and a church for Abbeydale (No. 1586).

In Mr. Wilson's designs we find all kinds of architectural forms, motives, and details which he selects from the entire range of mediæval art, brought together in an arbitrary way, in order to produce a certain purely sensuous effect. The heavy buttress-like walls leading up to the crude, semicircular arch, in the drawing for the west front of the church at Boscombe, were designed for no other end than to produce a striking effect of shadow in the recess in which the crucifix and the weeping figures of the angels are seen against the tracery of the west window. Elements, which in their nature are incongruous, when brought together in this way, assume a sense of harmony because each has been carefully chosen in regard to its place in the total effect which is to be produced. This effect is purely a picturesque effect, and mere picturesqueness in architecture is dangerously allied to mere prettiness in painting. All fineness of composition, all fineness of form, the essential qualities not only of Greek architecture but of Romanesque architecture also, of architecture of the Renaissance, and even of the finest Gothic architecture, are entirely wanting in the designs of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Skipworth; yet, notwithstanding, their work produces its own proper effect, which results from its qualities of light and shade, of colour and mystery: and it is impossible to deny that in their hands the art of architecture reveals some new, if not great, emotions, and an interesting method for their expression.

NORWEGIAN TROUT-FISHING.

THE man who has once carried his trout-rod through Norway in June and July is never likely to forget the experience. The excellence of the fishing; the beauty, wildness, and solitude of the country; the wonderful richness and verdure of grass and flowers: all these unite to make Norway, honeycombed as it is with lakes, and watered by innumerable streams and torrents, the very paradise of the trout-angler. When, in the warmer days of early spring, sprouting buds and young grass-blades, the song of migrant birds and that indefinable feeling of a new and fresher life whisper to the angler that the promise of summer is indeed in the air, his thoughts, if he has ever fished in Scandinavia, will certainly fly to that land of lakes and streams, of mountains and wild flowers. We in Britain are apt to think that in no other country of the world are grass so green and wild flowers so luxuriant to be found. Yet the beauty of Norway in June is, beyond comparison, more wonderful even than the beauty of England. The mantle of snow has just disappeared from the valleys; the sun can scarcely be said to quit the earth; there is practically no night; and vegetation springs up with indescribable rapidity. By the lakes and streams, and upon the fertile moraines that head a thousand dales and gem the fjords, a carpet of emerald grass is shot with the violet bloom of countless great wild pansies. There is nothing like it in tropical nature. The pines, kindling into fuller life, exhale balmy odours that come warm into the nostrils as the angler traverses the woods. The dainty Linnæa stars the forest floor. A hundred other wild flowers decorate the hill-sides. The cuckoo, the swallow, and other familiar birds are already in the land for their brief northern

holiday; all nature smiles a welcome. The ice has vanished from the lower lakes by the middle of May, but the snow lies thick upon the mountains, and myriads of cascades still sparkle down the rock-walls. Go where you will, the soothing sound of falling water is seldom absent from the ear. It is true that the fishing season is late and somewhat short. Upon many upland waters the ice is still to be found even in the middle of June, and the fish are lean and starved. But with a little care and inquiry the trout-fisher may saunter through the country, choosing the lower and earlier lakes, where the trout, feeding, as they do, ravenously, make amends for the long winter's fast, and grow rapidly fat. Those lakes (and there are plenty of them), enclosed in a setting of grass and vegetation, will be found quite fishable by the middle of June. Here insects abound, fish-food is plentiful, and one may safely get to work. Higher among the mountains one must wait till July and August before the tarns are fairly warm and the trout in condition. Lakes like the Røldal, in Western Norway, girt in by bare, stony mountains, which afford but little food for trout, may be passed by rapidly for more promising waters. In such lakes trout seldom attain good condition, and are dull, grey, starved, and gaunt-looking.

It is unquestionable that in June, if the Norwegian trout-fisher will but pick his waters, he will find fish rising far more freely than in July. Norwegian trout are at present marvellously unsophisticated, and in June we have found their appetites and rising capacities absolutely boundless. Let the reader accompany two anglers for an hour or more upon a typical water in Western Norway. They stand upon the pleasant shores of a *vand* (lake) lying two or three hundred feet above the blue Hardanger Fjord. It is the third week in June; the warm breeze from the west blows steadily down the *vand*, the ripple is just right, and casting will be perfect. The little lake lies in a fair, cup-like setting. Upon the side on which we stand, grassy meads, now pied with pansies, marguerites, and innumerable other flowers, slope to the water. Towards the end, a belt of pine, separated from the lake by a beach of silvery sand, bounds the scene. On the further side dark, frowning rock-walls run sheer down to meet the gentle wavelets. Beyond these, again, stern mountains, their summits patched and streaked with snow, form a magnificent background.

But now, having bestowed their tackle, our anglers step into the light yet roomy Norsk boat, sharp at either end, and rudderless. Before they have pushed off, the foremost of them takes a cast from the end of the boat, just to straighten out his line. Instantly there are a couple of bold rises, and he is fast into a nice fish. The trout fights pluckily, but is soon in the landing-net, a plump half-pounder. All the trout in this lake, by the way, are bright, strong, and active fish, very light of belly—almost white—and already in good condition. At table they are pink in flesh, and delicious eating. Now the anglers push from the shore, and, rowed by a steady Norwegian lad, who understands the business and is a keen sportsman, coast slowly down the *vand*. All down this first stretch of water the fish rise briskly, and the anglers are well employed. There is not the least anxiety as to choice of flies; there seldom is on a good Norsk *vand*. One rod carries a green and teal, claret and grouse, and red palmer; the other green and teal, claret and teal, and zulu—small sea-trout size—and there is little difference in the scoring. The claret is to-day, as upon many other days, the favourite colour, and the sport is pretty equally shared between the two anglers. The fish seem positively ravenous. Strong and active are they also; now and again pluck and leaping powers are rewarded, and a trout escapes his fate. Before the end of the lake is reached, a dozen good fish, including three running each just over the pound, are in the boat. Already two eager competitors have been hooked and landed upon a single cast. Down at the far end the force of the breeze is more fully felt; probably there is more food there just now, and the rise is still brisker. Sport, indeed, could hardly be bettered. Now you may see one angler, his light rod bending, with at least two good fish upon his hand. His friend has just time to land the three-quarter pounder upon his own line, and hasten with the net to the

rescue. Steadily the fish are played; nearer to the boat they are coaxed, and, at last, here, as you may see, are three sturdy fish upon a single cast! With care and a little manœuvring they are all safely landed—a strong fish of a pound and a quarter, and two going each just over the half pound! The voyage is resumed; the breeze holds steadily; the fishermen are, with a rest and a pipe once and again, busily employed. As they step ashore, three and a half hours later, and count up their spoil, there lie six-and-forty as lusty trout as a man may wish to carry home. The memory of such a morning—not an isolated example by any means—lies warm in the heart of the angler: a memory that can never fade, a treasure of which the possessor can never be deprived.

RICHTER V. MOTTL.

IF Richter and Mottl had lived and worked in Handel's day, instead of the first conducting at St. James's Hall on Monday, and the second at Queen's Hall on Wednesday, both would have conducted on Monday or on Wednesday at St. James's or at Queen's Hall, and played alternate pieces in one interminable programme. On one side of the hall you would see Mottl's men, on the other side Richter's, all bewigged and carrying their swords, and either party would be busily engaged in cheering its own favourite and hissing the favourite of the other party. In the end, perhaps, while those unpolished barbarians who took no sporting interest in music went off to enjoy in quiet the pretty tunes of some "Beggar's Opera," disgusted because Mottl could not be heard for Richter's men, nor Richter for Mottl's, each side would draw sword and seek to establish the supremacy of its favourite by bloodshed. The day for such games has gone by. Were the ardent spirits who fought so strenuously for Cuzzoni or Faustina to come back to the scene of their battles, they would be amazed to find famous rivals taking part in the same opera without creating a riot in the theatre. Yet in our milder and safer way we still practise party methods in art. We still choose our favourite and fight in his (or her) cause against all comers. If we like Ravogli's Ortruda we will not listen with patience to Olitzka's; we play off Brahms against Wagner and Wagner against Brahms, as though the greatness of the one could possibly affect that of the other; we are dazzled by Mottl or Levi, and no longer care for Richter, or, having learnt to love Richter, we profess a sovereign contempt for these newfangled men; we cannot praise a humble tenth-rate Sauer without declaring him to be greater than Paderewski. Nay, there are critics who, forgetting a famous utterance of Dr. Johnson, would "settle the order of precedence between a" Mackenzie and a Parry. Not only the quick, but the dead also, do we handle thus. We roam through history, setting the mighty men of the past in a row like schoolboys, and say to one, Go top, you are greatest: we will see to it that the world crowns you; and to another, You are second. In the case of the dead there may be some excuse, for their work is complete, and may be seen in something approaching true perspective; and we cannot live without some clear, if rough and in detail inaccurate, diagram of the relative values of their various achievements. But to give great living artists their places is ridiculous and unnecessary; for they cannot be judged, and the time is not come to judge them; and to elevate one by the usual plan of putting the others down introduces into art an element that is always deleterious. For instance, after we have swept away the Mackenzies and Henschels, and the Academics and charlatans, there remain before the British public at this time four great conductors of whom it is foolish to say that one comes before or after the others. Richter and Manns, Levi and Mottl: each has his supreme merits, each his failings, each can give us what the others cannot give; and seeing that the concert-room is neither a racecourse nor a boxing-booth at a fair, it might be just as well not to compare the incomparable. We critics have greatly sinned in this matter, and I say it with a guilty sense of being by no means least amongst the sinners. Richter and Mottl have been our especial prey; and yet we might easily know that, apart from the difficulty of determining the respective statures of

two such men, their essential qualities—the men in their quiddity, as Lamb would say—are so different that comparison is preposterous. Who, indeed, would compare the rose with the nightingale?

One may indeed, at the risk of becoming platitudinous, show how the nightingale differs from the rose, though both are charming; and that is all I would do with Richter and Mottl. Richter is a trifle substantial to be regarded either as rose or nightingale; and impressive rather than charming is the word one would choose to describe his playing as well as his appearance. Mottl throws himself into the work of unfolding his personality with a careless pagan joy; but to Richter music is sacred, and he conducts with a high and solemn religious fervour, like one who interprets a revelation of great moment to mankind. To make you feel deeply the emotional content of the piece he plays is his purpose, and to it he sacrifices all petty detail. His grasp is immense; he holds a Beethoven symphony, as Mr. MacCarthy the Liberal Party, in the hollow of his hand; and he plays it with a unique sense of proportion, giving no part more and none less than its just degree of prominence. A small man can never deny himself the delight of throwing infinite expression into this or that bar, without thinking of its relation to the whole composition; but above all things Richter hates the patchiness that results from this piecemeal mode of interpretation. Consequently a marvellous breadth pervades his playing; in the most vehement passages there is in it a wonderful sanity, a serene stateliness that comes of massive strength; it never falls below dignity, even if— But here I touch upon the great defect of Richter's great quality. He attains a constant elevated level partly by filling up the valleys, partly by lopping off the tallest mountain peaks. He moves you deeply in a Beethoven symphony, and from first bar to last there comes no anticlimactic moment, unless, as on Monday night, in the Fifth Symphony, the anticlimax comes through one expecting more than he puts into the slow movement. When he plays Beethoven that rarely occurs, and the fault lies mainly with the listener who wishes to have the majesty Richter gets in the Finale with the passionate intensity Mottl gets in the slow movement. But when he plays Wagner, especially such pieces as the "Tristan" prelude, Richter never lets the music make its full and proper (or, if you like, improper) effect, simply because he dare not, like Mottl, allow the passion to mount to its highest pitch. Yet, though I love to be carried aloft by Mottl, I confess that my fondness for Richter is quite as strong. If Sir A. C. Mackenzie had his own way, if all the "new" critics had been tried by the "Associated Board," and, being found guilty, were to meet their doom at eight on Tuesday morning, which of the twain would I desire to hear for the last time on Monday night? Probably Richter. In his way he plays as well as Mottl, and he misses fire less frequently, and it would be horrible to be disappointed on such a poignant occasion. Besides, the very name Richter calls up pleasurable recollections of joyous old times when a symphony could scarcely be heard in London except at his concerts. He bore the heat and burthen of the day in England. After he trained our English bandsmen it was easy for Mottl and Levi to come across and give magnificent concerts with shorter rehearsals than Richter's used to be; after he trained our English audiences they easily appreciated Levi and Mottl at a first hearing.

An artist of the Richter type might have appeared in any period of the Christian era, but no other century than this nineteenth could bring forth a Mottl. He is pagan artist and nothing but pagan artist; life to him means the enjoyment of the beautiful and probably nothing else besides. He is modern to the core, there lingers about him no faintest trace of the old German Capellmeister. Round Richter you see a halo of respectability, an air of solid worth; you would without hesitation choose him as your family conductor, if you needed one. But you would no more dream of offering Mottl such a domestic post than of asking Whistler to become your family solicitor. Mottl's enormous energy, his almost superhuman vitality, his joy in excess of colour, light, splendour, and passion, stamp him as representative of the healthful side, as distinguished from the decadent side, of our time. He plays utterly without conscience, and does nothing because he thinks

he ought to do it. That is to say, he never interprets : the master-works are simply his opportunities of talking about himself. He fetches out what he loves, and what he does not love he leaves untouched. He happens to love everything in Wagner—indeed, his personality is as Wagnerian as Wagner's own—and he gets the last inch of effect out of Wagner's music ; but as he only likes what is Wagnerian in Beethoven he converts the Fifth Symphony or "Leonora" overture into pieces written by Wagner when the mood was not on him. On Wednesday, when Queen's Hall was packed to hear him, Mottl nearly made the second act of the "Flying Dutchman" tolerable, though it is hopelessly unfit for concert performance ; and after playing superbly through the first part of the last act of the "Götterdämmerung," he wound up with a rendering of the Funeral March that will remain in the memories of those who heard it as the high-water mark of Wagner playing. He abandoned himself to the emotion of the moment, and without any restraining sense of responsibility played as an archangel might extemporize divine melodies ; and so irresistible was his exaltation, so dominating his personality, that if you ask me how Mr. Bispham and the rest sang, I really cannot tell you, for they subsided into the background, eclipsed.

How, then, can you compare this nineteenth-century, pagan, personal Mottl with the majestic, conscientious, impersonal Richter ? Of course it is sufficient for some critics that both men play the orchestra ; but, as Dr. Macgregor said the other night, "That is not good enough for me." They are as far apart as the night-gale is from the rose, to conclude with that preposterously inappropriate simile—which has, however, carried me through.

J. F. R.

A NEW LADY MACBETH AND A NEW MRS. EBBSMITH.

LAST Saturday evening found me lurking, an uninvited guest, in an obscure corner of the Garrick Theatre, giving Mrs. Ebbsmith another trial in the person of Miss Olga Nethersole. This time I carefully regulated the dose, coming late for the preliminary explanations, and hurrying home at the end of the second act, when Mrs. Ebbsmith had put her fine dress on, and was beginning to work up towards the stove. I cannot say I enjoyed myself very much ; for the play bored me more than ever ; but I perceived better than I did before that the fault was not altogether Mr. Pinero's. The interest of the first act depends on Mrs. Thorpe really affecting and interesting her audience in her scene with Agnes. Miss Ellice Jeffries fails to do this. I do not blame her, just as I should not blame Mr. Charles Hawtrej if he were cast for the ghost in Hamlet and played it somewhat disappointingly. On the contrary, I congratulate her on her hopeless incapacity to persuade us that she is the victim of an unhappy marriage, or that she lives in a dreary country rectory where she walks like a ghost about her dead child's room in the intervals of housekeeping for her parson brother. She has obviously not a scrap of anything of the kind in her whole disposition ; and that Mr. Pinero should have cast her for such business in a part on which his whole first act and a good deal of the rest of the play depends, suggests that his experience of the impossibility of getting all his characters fitted in a metropolis which has more theatres than companies is making him reckless. The impression left is that the scene between Agnes and Mrs. Thorpe is tedious and colourless, and that between Agnes and the Duke biting and full of character. But really one scene is as good as the other ; only Mr. Hare's Duke of St. Olpherts is a consummate piece of acting, whilst Miss Jeffries' Mrs. Thorpe is at best a graceful evasion of an impossible task. This was less noticeable before, because Mrs. Patrick Campbell counted for so much in both scenes that the second factor in them mattered less. With Miss Nethersole, who failed to touch the character of Agnes at any point as far as I witnessed her performance, it mattered a great deal. I have no doubt that Miss Nethersole pulled the bible out of the stove, and played all the "emotional" scenes as well as Mrs. Campbell or any one else could play them ; but certainly in the first two acts, where Mrs. Ebbsmith, not yet reduced to a

mere phase of hysteria, is a self-possessed individual character, Miss Nethersole gave us nothing but the stage fashion of the day in a very accentuated and conscious manner. Mrs. Campbell's extraordinary power of doing anything surely and swiftly with her hand ; whilst she is acting, preoccupation seeming an embarrassment unknown to her, is a personal peculiarity which cannot reasonably be demanded from her competitors. But Miss Nethersole seems to set a positive value on such preoccupation. When she pretends to darn a stocking she brings it down to the footlights, and poses in profile with the stocking hand raised above the level of her head. She touches nothing without first poisoning her hand above it like a bird about to alight, or a pianist's fingers descending on a chord. She cannot even take up the box containing the rich dress to bundle it off into the next room, without disposing her hands round it with an unmistakable reference to the conventional laws of grace. The effect in these first two acts, throughout which Mrs. Ebbsmith is supposed to be setting Lucas Cleeve's teeth on edge at every turn by her businesslike ways, plain dress, and impatience of the effects that charm the voluptuary, may be imagined. The change of dress, with which Mrs. Campbell achieved such a very startling effect, produced hardly any with Miss Nethersole, and would have produced none but for the dialogue ; for Mrs. Ebbsmith had been so obviously concerned all through with the effect of her attitudes, that one quite expected that she would not neglect herself when it came to dressing for dinner. The "Trafalgar Squaring" of the Duke, a complete success on Mr. Hare's part, was a complete failure on Miss Nethersole's. Mrs. Campbell caught the right platform tone of political invective and contemptuous social criticism to perfection : Miss Nethersole made the speech an emotional outburst, flying out at the Duke exactly as, in a melodrama, she would have flown out at the villain who had betrayed her. My inference is that Miss Nethersole has force and emotion without sense of character. With force and emotion, and an interesting and plastic person, one can play "the heroine" under a hundred different names with entire success. But the individualized heroine is another matter ; and that is where Mrs. Patrick Campbell comes in.

It is usual to describe Mr. Hare as an actor who does not do himself justice on first nights because he is nervous. His Duke of St. Olpherts is certainly not an instance of this. It is still capital ; but compared to his superb performance on the first night, it is minced in diction and almost off-hand in deportment. I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Forbes Robertson is only less out of place as Lucas Cleeve than Miss Jeffries as Mrs. Thorpe. In contrast to the cool intensity of Mrs. Campbell, his strong, resolute manner, slackened as much as he could slacken it, barely passed muster on the first night as the manner of the weak neurotic creature described by the Duke. But with Miss Nethersole, whose Mrs. Ebbsmith is really not Mrs. Ebbsmith at all, but a female Lucas Cleeve, even that faint scrap of illusion vanishes, and is replaced by a contrast of personal style in flat contradiction to the character relationship which is the subject of the drama. I still do not think "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" could be made a good play by anything short of treating Agnes's sudden resolution to make Lucas fall in love with her as a comedy motive (as it essentially is), and getting rid of the claptrap about the bible, finishing the play with Lucas's discovery that his wife is quite as good a woman as he could stand life with, and possibly—though on this I do not insist—with Agnes's return to the political platform as the Radical Duchess of St. Olpherts. But I am at least quite convinced now that the play as it stands would be much more interesting if the other characters were only half as appropriately impersonated as the Duke of St. Olpherts is by Mr. Hare, or as Mrs. Ebbsmith was by Mrs. Campbell.

By the way, I have received a sixpenny pamphlet, by Mr. H. Schütz Wilson, entitled "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," published by Messrs. Bickers. My opinion being thus challenged, I cheerfully acknowledge the pre-eminence of the pamphlet, from my point of view, as the worst pamphlet I ever read on any subject whatsoever. That, however, is only a way of saying that I cannot agree with Mr. Schütz Wilson. The difference

may be my fault as well as my misfortune. He accepts the play as a great "spiritual tragedy," and considers that the casting of it at the Garrick Theatre was perfect in every part. And so, as he says, "Farewell, Agnes! and may all good go with you in the future. After all, you did not burn THE BOOK."

Readers who have noticed the heading of this article may possibly want to know what Lady Macbeth has to do with it. Well, I have discovered a new Lady Macbeth. It is one of my eccentricities to be old-fashioned in my artistic tastes. For instance, I am fond—unaffectedly fond—of Shakespeare's plays. I do not mean actor-manager's editions and revivals; I mean the plays as Shakespeare wrote them, played straight through line by line and scene by scene as nearly as possible under the conditions of representation for which they were designed. I have seen the suburban amateurs of the Shakespeare Reading Society, seated like Christy minstrels on the platform of the lecture hall at the London Institution, produce, at a moderate computation, about sixty-six times as much effect by reading straight through "Much Ado About Nothing" as Mr. Irving with his expensively mounted and superlatively dull Lyceum version. When these same amateurs invited me to a regular stage performance of "Macbeth" in aid of the Siddons Memorial Fund, I went, not for the sake of Sarah the Respectable, whose great memory can take care of itself (how much fresher it is, by the way, than those of many writers and painters of her day, though no actor ever makes a speech without complaining that he is cheated out of the immortality every other sort of artist enjoys!), but simply because I wanted to see "Macbeth." Mind, I am no admirer of the Elizabethan school. When Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose collected essays on the English drama I am now engaged in reading, says: "Surely the crowning glory of our nation is our Shakespeare; and remember he was one of a great school," I almost burst with the intensity of my repudiation of the second clause in that utterance. What Shakespeare got from his "school" was the insane and hideous rhetoric which is all that he has in common with Jonson, Webster, and the whole crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards whose work stands out as vile even at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when every art was corrupted to the marrow by the orgie called the Renaissance, which was nothing but the vulgar exploitation in the artistic professions of the territory won by the Protestant movement. The leaders of that great self-assertion of the growing spirit of man were dead long before the Elizabethan literary rabble became conscious that "ideas" were in fashion, and that any author who could gather a cheap stock of them from murder, lust and obscenity, and formulate them in rhetorical blank verse, might make the stage pestiferous with plays that have no ray of noble feeling, no touch of faith, beauty, or even common kindness in them from beginning to end. I really cannot keep my temper over the Elizabethan dramatists and the Renaissance; nor would I if I could. The generation which admired them equally admired the pictures of Guido, Giulio Romano, Domenichino, and the Carracci; and I trust it is not nowadays necessary to offer any further samples of its folly. A masterpiece by Carracci—say the smirking Susanna in the National Gallery—would not fetch seven pounds ten at Christie's to-day; but our literary men, always fifty years behind their time because they never look at anything nor listen to anything, but go on working up what they learnt in their boyhood when they read books instead of writing them, still serve up Charles Lamb's hobby, and please themselves by observing that Cyril Tourneur could turn out pretty pairs of lines and string them monotonously together, or that Greene had a genuine groatsworth of popular wit, or that Marlowe, who was perhaps good enough to make it possible to believe that if he had been born thirty years ago he might now have been a tolerable imitator of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, dealt in a single special quality of "mighty line." On the strength of these discoveries, they keep up the tradition that these men were slightly inferior Shakespeares. Beaumont and Fletcher are, indeed, sometimes cited as hardly inferior; but I will not go into that. I could not do justice to it in moderate language.

As to this performance of "Macbeth" at St. George's

Hall, of course it was, from the ordinary professional standpoint, a very bad one. I say this because I well know what happens to a critic when he incautiously praises an amateur. He gets by the next post a letter in the following terms: "Dear Sir,—I am perhaps transgressing the bounds of etiquette in writing privately to you; but I thought you might like to know that your kind notice of my performance as Guildenstern has encouraged me to take a step which I have long been meditating. I have resigned my position as Governor of the Bank of England with a view to adopting the stage as a profession, and trust that the result may justify your too favourable opinion of my humble powers." Therefore I desire it to be distinctly understood that I do not recommend any member of the "Macbeth" cast to go on the stage. The three witches, Miss Florence Bourne, Miss Longvil, and Miss Munro, were as good as any three witches I ever saw; but the impersonation of witches, as a profession, is almost as precarious as the provision of smoked glasses for looking at eclipses through. Macduff was bad: I am not sure that with his natural advantages he could very easily have been worse; but still, if he feels himself driven to some artistic career by a radical aversion to earning an honest livelihood, and is prepared for a hard apprenticeship of twenty years in mastering the art of the stage—for that period still holds as good as when Talma prescribed it—he can become an actor if he likes. As to Lady Macbeth, she, too, was bad; but it is clear to me that unless she at once resolutely marries some rich gentleman who disapproves of the theatre on principle, she will not be able to keep herself off the stage. She is as handsome as Miss Neilson; and she can hold an audience whilst she is doing everything wrongly. The murder scene was not very good, because Macbeth belonged to the school of the Irish fiddler who, when Ole Bull asked him whether he played by ear or from notes, replied that he played "by main strength"; and you cannot get the brooding horror of the dagger scene by that method. Besides, Miss Lillah McCarthy—that is the lady's name as given in my programme—is happily too young to conceive ambition and murder, or the temptation of a husband with a sickly conscience, as realities: they are to her delicious excitements of the imagination, with a beautiful, splendid terror about them, to be conveyed by strenuous pose, and flashing eye, and indomitable bearing. She went at them bravely in this spirit; and they came off more or less happily as her instinct and courage helped her, or her skill failed her. The banquet scene and the sleep-walking scene, which are the easiest passages in the part technically to a lady with the requisite pluck and personal fascination, were quite successful; and if the earlier scenes were immature, unskilful, and entirely artificial and rhetorical in their conception, still, they were very nearly thrilling. In short, I should like to see Miss Lillah McCarthy play again. I venture on the responsibility of saying that her Lady Macbeth was a highly promising performance, and that some years of hard work would make her a valuable recruit to the London stage. And with that very rash remark I will leave "Macbeth," with a fervent wish that Mr. Pinero, Mr. Grundy, and Monsieur Sardou could be persuaded to learn from it how to write a play without wasting the first hour of the performance in tediously explaining its "construction." They really are mistaken in supposing that Scribe was cleverer than Shakespeare.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Money Market has not been affected by the Stock Exchange Settlement. The Bank rate remains unchanged. Short loans were freely negotiated at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, whilst most of the advances to the Stock Exchange were made at $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. In speculative stocks higher rates were obtained. There was much less inclination to lend money in the Mining Market, where 10 per cent, and in some cases as much as 20 per cent, was charged.

On the Stock Exchange, prices have generally ruled very flat during the week. This is chiefly due to the depression in the South African Market, which was increased by the decision of the two leading banking establishments in Scotland to discontinue loans on

25 May, 1895.

South African mining securities. A large quantity of stock was in consequence thrown upon the market.

The market for Home Government Securities has again been firm, and a further advance has taken place in consols. India stock is also higher at 106, and the Three-and-a-Half per Cents rose $\frac{1}{4}$ to 115.

The Home Railway Market has been very strong. There has been a general improvement in prices. The American Railway Market, on the other hand, has been rather quiet, though Reading shares have risen, as well as Union Pacifics, Ontario, Erie, and Louisville.

The Foreign Market has remained firm; but dealings have not been very active, owing to the settlement and the annual closing of the Paris Bourse on Ascension Day.

The Stock Exchange settlement has had the effect of curtailing business in the South African Mining Market. Moreover, the French Government has become alarmed at the immense amount of capital invested by France in South African and Australian Gold Mines. It is said that a report from the French Ambassador in London will shortly be published officially in Paris. If it is written in the same reckless spirit as that of the French Consul at Pretoria, it may have the effect of further checking operations on the Paris Bourse.

The collapse in the African Market was cleverly engineered by the big lenders of money. They lent freely on shares like East Rands, the prospects of which were known to be excellent, and in which there was accordingly heavy speculation. The shares rushed up on general buying, and the big money-lenders sold bears. Then, when the settlement approached, they withdrew all their loans and thus brought about a fall; the unfortunate operators having to pay 60 or 80 per cent for accommodation, the shares fell heavily, and the money-lenders were able to buy back the shares they had sold two pounds higher. This is what our American cousins call smart, but not what we in England are accustomed to regard as honest. Surely the money-lenders might have been satisfied with the high interest obtained. The fact is, the market is in the hands of a few astute money-lenders who can, in this way, bring about a collapse almost as often as may suit their purpose, and who cannot be accused of dangerous speculation, inasmuch as they themselves can always cause the fall for which they have sold short.

As one consequence of the further divergence between the precious metals caused by the close of the Indian mints and the repeal of the Sherman Act, the Customs Report on the foreign trade of China in 1894 mentions a decline in the import of cotton goods from 17,400,000 pieces in 1890 and 18,600,000 in 1891 to 14,000,000 pieces in 1894; the cause ascribed being the obligatory increase of the silver price to secure an adequate gold return. A second consequence is that the current year "will probably see at least 360,000 spindles, 3000 looms, and numerous cotton gins ready to operate in some fifteen mills in course of construction or to be erected at Shanghai, Ningpo, and the Yangtze ports." A third consequence is the growth of an export trade in wool, the production of which has increased in the period 1884-94 from 4,640,000 lb. to 30,100,000 lb. "Chinese wool is of low grade at present, but might be improved to become a formidable rival to the Australian product; for the area of possible production in Mongolia is as vast as that of the Colonies; and at the present price of gold it could defy competition."

Speaking at Bradford, Lord Salisbury asserted that the present glut of money and the low rate of interest were due to want of confidence in the Government. But this explanation is too far-fetched. We prefer to Lord Salisbury's statement the currency explanation offered by Mr. Balfour. As prices fall with the perpetual appreciation of gold, remunerative investments are very difficult to find, and consequently capital is accumulated in banks instead of dispersing itself in fertilizing streams over wide fields of industry.

In his speech at the Mansion House on Wednesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he believed there were "symptoms of a rise in the barometer" of our commercial prosperity. "At all events," he went

on, "there is one thing of which we can speak with confidence, and that is the great increase and improvement in our trade with America. . . . There is another symptom which to me is most satisfactory, and that is the immense growth in the receipts from the stamp duty." Sir W. V. Harcourt seemed to approve the theory generally held in the City that a series of fat years is usually succeeded by a series of lean years, and that as "from 1886 to 1890 we were on a perpetually ascending curve of prosperity, so from 1890 to 1894 we were on a descending curve." Now the curve is beginning to ascend again.

NEW ISSUES.

THE INTERNATIONAL TEA COMPANY'S STORES, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed for acquiring, carrying on, and largely extending the well-known business of wholesale tea, provision, and food produce importers of Messrs. Kearley & Tonge, Mitre Square, Aldgate, and in conjunction therewith their retail distributive business, comprising upwards of 200 tea and general produce stores, established by them in various parts of the country, under the name of the International Tea Company. It is to be provided with a capital of £900,000, divided into 80,000 cumulative preference shares of £5 each, and 500,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and the profits on the strength of which this enormous capital is asked for were £50,000 in 1892 and £60,000 in 1894. These profits have been arrived at without providing remuneration to the partners or for income-tax, so it seems as if some £50,000 or £60,000 a year profits justifies a capital of nearly £1,000,000 of money. But this is not to state the case quite fairly. In the first place the vendors, Messrs. Kearley & Tonge, as vendors, take the whole of the ordinary shares, and 100,000 of the cumulative preference shares in part payment for their businesses, and the rest of the payment, £300,000, is to be made to them in cash; whilst they hand over to the Company, instead of working capital, the whole of the stock-in-trade in London, at the stores, or in transit, which is said to have a value at cost price of over £140,000. This stock-in-trade will be the working capital of the Company. In fact, Messrs. Kearley & Tonge allow the public to come into their business as holders of cumulative preference shares to the tune of £300,000. It can hardly be doubted that there is adequate security for this £300,000, and we could afford to let the matter rest here were it not for the fact that Messrs. Kearley & Tonge, holding 500,000 ordinary shares, may find it to their interest to work hard to drive the value of the ordinary shares up in the market, and then dispose of them to the public, who are slow to realize that the profits of a business might better be characterized as the rent of a manager's brains. It is particularly unsatisfactory to find in such a prospectus as this that "waiver" clause which we hope will soon be rendered illegal by Act of Parliament. We are informed that the promoters of this Company are the Messrs. O'Hagan, whom we heard of some years ago in connection with Chicago breweries and other enterprises, which were certainly not under-capitalized. In view of the excessive capitalization of this concern, we wish that the O'Hagans had confined their energies to American industries.

CRESCUS SOUTH UNITED GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

There seems to be no end to the cutting-up of Hannan's "Find," though we are still without trustworthy evidence as to its having been such a remarkable "find" as industrious company-promoters try to make out. It has scarcely proved valuable to the poor investor, at all events. The Crescus South United Gold Mines, Limited, has a capital of £120,000 (£95,000 of which goes to the vendors), and the prospectus contains the usual flowery statements concerning the "richness" of other properties which the claims to be acquired by this Company are said to "adjoin." It is useless to continue to criticize in detail such schemes as these. Every word that we have written in the past in condemnation of reckless West Australian promotion might be very fairly applied to three out of every four of the Coolgardie issues which week by week are brought before the public. This Crescus United Gold Mines, Limited, we understand, is promoted by a Mr. N. J. H. Schotborgh, of 52 New Broad Street, E.C., who was

connected with the Prepayment Gas Meter Company, which met such pertinent criticism in the penny press a few weeks ago.

MAINLAND CONSOLS, LIMITED.

(The F. A. Thomson Group.)

It will be remembered that when this Company came out we saw reason to criticize it adversely, and to warn our readers not to buy its shares, at any rate as an investment. Mr. F. A. Thompson, who was connected with the promotion of this and a dozen other companies in the early part of the year, wrote to us eulogizing the prospects of the mine: we printed his letter, but remained of the same opinion. On Wednesday the statutory general meeting of this Company was held at Winchester House, the Hon. Howard Spensley (the chairman) presiding. He read lengthy reports from the pen of the mining engineer (under date 25 March), which contained accounts of "prospecting a bar in the top south level," and similar luminous information; he read a cablegram which was as informative as possible without being very encouraging, and then he concluded: "We have no news beyond the fact that we are doing our best, and I trust that at the annual meeting, at which I hope to see you all, we shall be in a position to state to you what I firmly believe—namely, that we not only have a valuable property, but that we are able to give you a most substantial dividend."

Mr. Whitaker Wright, who was, we believe, closely connected with the promotion of the Mainland Consols, also spoke, and, as was to be expected, showed himself very much bolder than the chairman. "The Mainland," he said, "had produced specimen ore running to thousands of ounces per ton—£36,000 having already been produced of such high-grade ore—the property, nevertheless, was not a specimen mine, but had an unlimited quantity of ore that would run 5 oz. per ton." What does Mr. Wright mean by making such statements? According to the report in the *Financial News* he talks as if £36,000 had been already produced. If so, why have not the directors already declared a dividend? His further statement that there is an "unlimited quantity" of ore which will run 5 oz. to the ton is, on the face of it, incredible. Even Mr. Whitaker Wright can only judge of what is limited, but when the next meeting of this Company takes place we shall refer again to this statement.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OLD JAPAN.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 21 May, 1895.

SIR,—Events crowd upon each other so rapidly, and Japanese civilization has progressed so fast, that most people had probably forgotten the very name of the port at which Li Hung-chang was lately shot and the treaty of peace with China was dictated. Yet Shimonoseki earned some notoriety in the days when the great feudal lords were refusing to recognize the treaties that had just been negotiated by the Tycoon.

There has just died, for instance, at Amsterdam, Vice-Admiral Jonkheer van Casembroot, who was known in Holland as "the hero of Shimonoseki." Van Casembroot, while commanding, in 1863, the Dutch frigate *Medusa*, was ordered to take the Dutch Consul-General from Nagasaki to Yokohama. Shimonoseki, which is situated at the western entrance of the famous Inland Sea, belonged then, I think, to the Prince of Nangato, who conceived that the possession gave him right and power to close the passage. The *Medusa*, on her way back, was fired at, accordingly, by the shore batteries with the support of two Japanese men-of-war. Van Casembroot was wounded, and his ship set on fire in two places; but he persisted, succeeded in forcing the passage, and was rewarded with much distinction by his Government.

Holland would hardly have let the assault go unpunished; but the Prince's idiosyncrasy soon brought him into conflict with others; and a squadron, of which English ships formed the larger part, found it necessary to put his assumed right to the proof. The batteries

were bombarded, and a landing party of marines and bluejackets completed the lesson.

It was a time when all Japan was still in a ferment at foreign intrusion, and the division of parties which was to eventuate in civil war was at its height. The Samurai class still customarily wore their two swords, and were prone to use them on foreigners who came between the wind and their nobility. Richardson, for instance, had just been murdered on the Tokaido by the followers of the great Satsuma *daimio*, Shimadzu Saburo. It was a time when the feudal princes were still bound to pass a period of the year at Tokio, and Shimadzu was returning from one of these enforced residences—marching, like another Warwick, with 20,000 retainers. Richardson, with two other Englishmen and an English lady, was out riding along the Tokaido, as the high road is called which runs from the capital towards Yokohama and along the coast. They met this great procession, which was marching with an advanced guard, projecting like two horns on either side of the road. It might have been wiser, possibly, to turn back, for the temper of the sworded men was uncertain. But the English party, anticipating no particular danger, kept on, till, just as they reached the great *daimio's* spalanquin, a retainer who was marching alongside it darted out and slashed Richardson across the body, inflicting a wound through which his bowels protruded. Turning their horses' heads to fly, the party found themselves hemmed in by the leading files, which had curled round their rear and attacked them with sword and spear. Richardson received another cut, which nearly severed his arm; one of his companions received a similar wound; the other received three spear thrusts which stopped within an ace of being fatal. The lady, curiously enough, was the only one who escaped unhurt: her hat was cut through, but she got off without a wound. Eventually they broke through, and got away by their horses' speed. Cut to pieces as he was, Richardson's splendid physique enabled him to retain life and keep his seat for nearly a mile. Eventually, however, he fell; and the arrival of his horse, riderless and fearfully wounded too, gave the first indication that anything was wrong. The lady arrived soon after, and pointed the news. The other two men only got as far as the American Legation, where they were sheltered and their wounds tended. A party of foreigners started at once to look for Richardson, and found him lying dead. It appeared, from what was afterwards learned from the natives, that when he fell off his horse he made signs for water, which they brought him; and he lay there till the Satsuma men came up. They chivalrously began another attack on the dying man; and his hands, which he had feebly raised to protect his head, were found hanging by shreds. One at last seized him by the beard, drew his head back, and cut his throat.

Times have changed since. The whole political and social constitution of Japan has been changed: the two swords are no longer worn, and the famous drawing cut is no longer practised. The Samurai have enlisted largely in the army, and fight bravely as of old. They proved, too, at Port Arthur, that a spice of the spirit which found expression that day on the Tokaido still survives.—Yours truly, TZE-LING.

THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 22 May, 1895.

SIR,—In the advertisement columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 16 May I see an expurgated rendering of your review of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," in which your reviewer's ironical remark, "we like her way of saying quite original things—to pattern," is shorn of the last two words; and the sentence beginning, "In spite of structural and other defects we think we may congratulate," is clipped to "We congratulate." There are other similar suppressions. Practically your too gently worded protests have been distorted into fulsome praise, and your judgment is—to put it plainly—libelled thereby. It should be a lesson to your reviewer that he writes for even a larger public than your readers, and that poking fun has its dangers (in the opportunities it affords for misquotation) as well as its delights.—Yours truly, C. K. R.

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A FLEET STREET ECLOGUE.

MIDSUMMER DAY.

BASIL. SANDY. HERBERT.

SANDY.

I CANNOT write, I cannot think ;
'Tis half delight and half distress :
My memory stumbles on the brink
Of some unfathomed happiness—

Of some old happiness divine.
What haunting scent, what haunting note,
What word, or what melodious line,
Sends my heart throbbing to my throat ?

BASIL.

What ? thrilled with happiness to-day,
The longest day in all the year,
Which we must spend in making hay
By thrashing straw in Fleet Street here !

What scent ? what sound ? The odour stale
Of watered streets ; the bruit loud
Of hoof and wheel on road and rail,
The rush and trample of the crowd !

HERBERT.

Humming the song of many a lark,
Out of the sea, across the shires,
The west wind blows about the Park,
And faintly stirs the Fleet Street wires.

Perhaps it sows the happy seed
That blossoms in your memory ;
Certain of many a western mead,
And hill and stream it speaks to me.

With rosy showers of apple-bloom
The orchard sward is mantled deep ;
Shaded in some sequestered coombe
The red deer in the Quantocks sleep.

BASIL.

Go on : of rustic visions tell
Till I forget the wilderness
Of sooty brick, the dusty smell,
The jangle of the printing-press.

HERBERT.

I hear the woodman's measured stroke ;
I see the amber streamlet glide—
Above, the green gold of the oak
Fledges the gorge on either side.

A thatched roof lights the summer gloom—
Bronze against Exmoor's darksome ground ;
Far off the surging rollers boom,
And fill the shadowy wood with sound.

BASIL.

You have pronounced the magic sign !
The city with its thousand years,
Like some embodied mood of mine,
Uncouth, prodigious, disappears.

I stand upon a lowly bridge,
Moss-grown, beside the old Essex home ;
Over the distant purple ridge
The clouds arise in sultry foam ;

In many a cluster, wreath and chain
A silvery vapour hangs on high,
And snowy scarfs of silken grain
Bedeck the blue slopes of the sky ;

The wandering water sighs and calls,
And breaks into a chant that rings
Beneath the vaulted bridge, then falls
And under heaven softly sings ;

A light wind lingers here and there,
And whispers in an unknown tongue
The passionate secrets of the air,
That never may by men be sung :

Low, low, it whispers ; stays, and goes ;
It comes again ; again takes flight ;
And like a subtle presence grows
And almost gathers into sight.

SANDY.

The wind that stirs the Fleet Street wires,
And roams and quests about the Park,
That wanders all across the shires,
Humming the song of many a lark—

The wind—it is the wind, whose breath,
Perfumed with roses, wakes in me
From shrouded slumbers deep as death
A yet unfaded memory.

BASIL.

About Midsummer, every hour,
Ten thousand rosebuds opening blush ;
The land is all one rosy bower,
And rosy odours haunt and flush

The winds of heaven up and down :
On the top-gallant of the air
The lark, the pressman in the town
Breathe only rosy incense rare.

SANDY.

And I, enchanted by the rose,
Remember when I first began
To know what in its bosom glows
Exhaling scent ambrosian.

A child, at home in streets and quays,
The city tumult in my brain,
I only knew of tarnished trees,
And skies corroding vapours stain.

One summer—Time upon my head
Had showered the curls of years eleven—
Me, for a month, good fortune led
Where trees are green and hills kiss heaven.

By glen and mountain, moor and lawn,
Burn-side and sheep-path, day and night,
I wandered, a belated faun,
All sense, all wonder, all delight.

And once at eve I climbed a hill,
Burning to see the sun appear,
And watched the jewelled darkness fill
With lamps and clustered tapers clear :

The strongest stars in heaven were spent ;
A dusky lustre overcame
The wide-spread purple firmament,
And throbbed and kindled into flame ;

The pallid day, the trembling day
Put on her saffron wedding-dress,
And watched her bridegroom far away
Soar through the starry wilderness.

I, like a wild thing, closed my eyes,
And tears relieved my ecstasy :
I dared not watch the sun arise ;
Nor knew what magic daunted me :

And yet the roses seemed to tell
More than the morn, had I but known
The meaning of the fragrant smell
That bound me with a subtle zone.

But in the gloaming when we played
At hide-and-seek, and I with her
Behind a rose-bush hid, afraid
To meet her gaze, to breathe, or stir,

The dungeon of my sense was riven,
The beauty of the world laid bare,
A great wind caught me up to heaven
Upon a cloud of golden hair ;

And mouth touched mouth ; and love was born ;
And when our wondering vision blent,
We found the meaning of the morn,
The meaning of the rose's scent.

Ah me ! ah me ! since then ! since then !

HERBERT.

Nay, nay ; let self-reproaches be !
Now that this thought is throned again,
Be zealous for its sovereignty.

BASIL.

And brave, great Nature must be thanked ;
And we must worship on our knees,
And hold for ever sacro-sanct
Such dewy memories as these.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF FREEMAN.

"The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman." By W. R. W. Stephens, Dean of Winchester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THE successful way in which the Dean of Winchester dealt with the life and letters of Hook pointed him out as the man among Freeman's friends to whom with most chance of an excellent result the materials of the historian's career should be entrusted. He has in consequence produced a book which is not to be confounded with any of the feeble biographies which have lately been showered upon us. Since Mr. H. F. Brown's "Life of John Addington Symonds," no career of a remarkable man has been manipulated with so much skill. It was not easy to write the life of Freeman. Two dangers beset the biographer: first, that of offending survivors by perpetuation of the historian's rude sallies and general thorniness; secondly, that of offending truth itself by presenting to us the lion of Somerleaze with his mane in curl-papers. The Dean of Winchester has fallen into neither of these traps. We hear the roar of Freeman reverberating through his pages, and yet the record is marvellously softened for those whose misfortune it was to come into collision with the historian. Even the ghost of Froude might skim these volumes with no direful ululations. In a world of very bad biographies, this of Freeman may pass as almost a good one.

If it is not quite good, by which we mean consecutively sparkling and inspiring, the fault, we think, lies with the subject and not with the author. Freeman's was a character all on the surface; it had no mysteries, no surprises. Any man of good memory and wide reading knows all that is essential in these volumes before he opens them. He is not acquainted, of course, with the childhood and early youth of Freeman, and those passages prove to be very curious. But when he had passed his undergraduate days, Freeman became a public character, and his life is really a collection of his public utterances. He was a very striking and impressive figure, and if he had lived to old age he would have become exceedingly picturesque. Even as it was, he had grown to fill quite a prominent place in our public life. Yet, when the news of his death reached this country, outside the circle of his personal friends we doubt if there was a very wide feeling of loss. His noisy, useful, arduous career had come to a premature end. But he had not been charming, and he had not been complex—in brief, he was scarcely interesting; he had produced a library of excellent books, which formed the best part of him, and which he left behind him. It was a pity that he did not finish the "History of Sicily"; but something must be left for the men to do that are coming on. This impression of a want of subtlety in the character of Freeman, of our having already got the best that he had to offer, is confirmed by the biography of the Dean of Winchester, and explains the limitations of its value.

The childhood of E. A. Freeman was, as we have said, curious. For once, we could have suffered the narration of it in greater detail. He was born at Mitchley Abbey, in Staffordshire, on the 2nd of August, 1823. He was left an orphan when he was fifteen months old, being at that time (strange words to be used about Freeman) "a lovely and engaging creature." At three years of age he began to write verses, and being taken to the top of the wild ridge called Worle Hill, formed an interest in the study of geology. Being of a trustful disposition, we believe these and other wonderful tales of his precocity, but our credulity draws the line at the statement that "when he was only two years and a half old he knew the coats of arms of all the English episcopal sees." This accomplishment, however, drew to him the favour of the aged Hannah More, who had flirted, in bygone ages, with the Lexicographer himself. She seems to have seen something of an Infant Johnson in E. A. Freeman, who, at the age of five, stumped a doctor of divinity with a question about St. Paul's attitude towards the Hebrew Church. There is documentary evidence, a signed and dated paper in the

handwriting of Hannah More, to prove that Freeman "loved learning" at the age of five and a half, and he began to devote himself to the study of history before he was seven. There can be no question that he was a very remarkable little gentleman.

At sixteen, Freeman had developed into a little prig of the finest water. He played no games, but he studied Theology with passion. Comparatively few boys of that age, designing to surprise a young friend with a suitable present, would have chosen for the purpose a volume of sermons on Apostolical Succession. Before he was quite fifteen he was corresponding with a stranger, a grown-up clergyman, on the Quinquarticular Controversy, and challenging him to produce "patristical arguments" for his opinion. No wonder that this gentleman hoped that the infant Freeman would not think it impertinent if he asked what was his present age. "I assure you," he continued, "it is no idle curiosity." Being informed, he ventured to trust that Freeman would not permit his "mighty gift" to minister to vanity. We are afraid it did. At seventeen, Freeman was laying down the law about the distinction between Regeneration and Renovation, and was inclined to think slightly of Enchespalus, by which name he learnedly indicated the overrated Shakespeare. When, at the age of eighteen, he goes up to be examined for a scholarship at Balliol, the reader gives a sigh of relief. Delightful to relate, he failed to get it, and this was probably a most salutary blow to his self-satisfaction.

Freeman's life at Oxford, from 1841 to 1847, was not a chronicle of successes so brilliant as such a precocious childhood would lead us to anticipate. He was drawn along by the receding wave of the Tractarian Movement, being then, as ever, in spite of all his violent Radicalism, a consistent and enthusiastic churchman. The Dean of Winchester does not mention, what is familiar to all who knew much of Freeman, that in later years he was wont to incense the country clergy by holding forth at antiquarian meetings from their pulpits, in an exuberantly lay manner. We remember an angry vicar going so far as to say that he had never known a man so "profane" as Professor Freeman. It was all on the surface; no one can read this biography without seeing that Freeman was a man of the deepest Anglican convictions. But his life was all in the past, and the flummeries and fineries of modern ecclesiastical furniture were as stubble in the fire of his scorn. At Oxford he came under the influence of Isaac Williams, and unhappily under that of "The Cathedral"; the consequence was a sheaf of imitative Young-England verses, which he published (in conjunction with Sir George Cox) in 1850. This volume was promptly "sat upon" by Kingsley, and is now known only to those who collect the *péchés de jeunesse* of great men.

In a happy hour, Freeman loosened his hold on theology and poetry, and tightened it on history. In 1846 he writes: "My great ambition would be to get one of the History Professorships" at Oxford; he had to wait forty-four years before this wish was gratified. In the same year, the violent Protestantism of the Church party in Oxford nearly drove him over to Rome, and he began to abandon his idea of taking Anglican orders. He was now writing an essay on the Norman Conquest for the Chancellor's prize, and though he did not carry it off (it was awarded to the present Lord Carlingford), the subject had gripped Freeman. He "went on," as he says, "and learned something about it." For the future he was alternately historian and antiquary, combining the two professions, and forcing each to throw light upon the other. It does not very clearly come out from the Dean of Winchester's narrative why Freeman, equipped with so much learning, activity, and energy, did not succeed better at Oxford. Were his imperfections of temper and taste, we wonder, in his way? Nor was he other than mature when the first volume of his "History of the Norman Conquest" made him famous. He laboured long, although with fiery vehemence, to gain a hearing. Having once gained it, as we all know, he kept it, and became a very great force among European historians.

It would take us much too far to follow the Dean of Winchester as he traces the career of Freeman in detail. In 1855, having married the lady whom he had loved since boyhood, he settled at Lanrumney Hall in Glamor-

Shropshire, whence he could gaze southward across the water to the Somerset which was later on to become his home. The years he spent here were years of solidification of intellectual character. While at Lanrumney he published "The History and Conquest of the Saracens" and his Oxford essays on "Ancient Greece and Mediaeval Italy." He was now showing with what fertility and resource he had learned to work along the lines indicated by Dr. Arnold while he was Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Freeman formulated an axiom, "History is past politics, and politics are present history." Proceeding on this basis, and calling to his assistance the neglected sciences of geography and chronology, he set himself to reconstruct our conception of the conditions of England after the Battle of Hastings, with the results which are still so patent and so vividly felt amongst us.

The work of Freeman will in all probability leave a valid mark on historical literature in this country. It was remarkable for what it destroyed as much as for what it built up, for what it swept scornfully away as much as for what it added to our stores of permanent knowledge. Freeman was an iconoclast. He ruthlessly destroyed the idols of romantic conjecture. Whether the story is true or not that he once silenced a local antiquary at Tintagel by shouting out, "There never was such a person as King Arthur, you fool!" it is at least in his manner. He had little patience, he had not patience enough, with picturesque baseless legends. Some of them will survive the brutality of his ridicule, and deserve to survive; others are best buried and forgotten. By a singular irony of fate he who railed at the inaccuracy of others has since his death been accused of being himself inaccurate, and with scant respect. There is probably no such thing attainable as positive accuracy. But no documents and no adverse criticism can ever prove Freeman to have been wanting in a love of truth. He was manly and sincere, independent and courageous. He was not averse to speaking with his enemies in the gate, and the Dean of Winchester is inclined to give too favourable an impression of his tone of voice on those occasions. He was narrow and arrogant, heedless of the feelings of others, and almost pedantically rude. He once ran up against a lady in the streets of Oxford as he was rushing round a corner. She was too breathless to expostulate, but, anticipating her complaint, Freeman muttered, "I don't care if I did, I don't care if I did!" This was his attitude in all controversy, and it was not an engaging one. But he was an honest and fearless soul, at his best almost a great writer, and one whom, with all his faults, England will continue to honour.

LE GALLIENNE, THE POETASTER.

"Robert Louis Stevenson, an Elegy; and other Poems, mainly personal." By Richard Le Gallienne. London: John Lane. Boston: Copeland and Day. 1895.

SOME years have gone by since Mr. Le Gallienne has published any collection of original verses, and he now comes forward with his new volume at a critical time in the life of a writer who would sustain the reputation of a poet. "As many men are poets in their youth," so many men who have written pleasing verses under the first keen influences of life and poetry discover, when they come to the age of thirty, that they are not intended by Nature to be lovers all their days through, that the real business of their lives does not lie with poetry, and that it was but the flush of youth that lent a semblance of charm to what they can no longer accomplish with any measure of applause. The wiser abandon the attempt; the more foolish persevere in it. We have followed Mr. Le Gallienne's lucubrations in verse with some interest since the time when he was still living in Liverpool and writing occasionally in Cope's "Tobacco Plant"; and we must confess that Mr. Le Gallienne has always appeared to us to be one of those who are "poets in their youth," who are able to write verses, sufficiently attractive and accomplished, under the first influences of life and poetry; but who, when the keenness of those influences wears off, and they are forced to fall back upon themselves, reveal that their nature is not really

poetical, that they no longer have any excuse to write, and that much of the charm of their work is only a reflected charm. In his new volume Mr. Le Gallienne betrays his real calibre, as an aspirant to poetry, with unmistakable clearness. Any charm which his earlier work may have possessed is here shown to have been borrowed: he has nothing new to bring us, either in thought or emotion; he possesses no style of his own; and he lacks all the fine qualities of the poets whom he admires and imitates. We regard his reputation as of a kind which is harmful to the best interests of good literature. Let us first examine his workmanship. In his use of metre, we find him without any fine sense of rhythm, slipshod, and very often faulty; in his choice of words, at times singularly infelicitous; in his employment of metaphors, confused and full of improprieties. His vocabulary is limited, and his images are either of an extravagant or of a hackneyed sort. But let Mr. Le Gallienne speak for himself. First, let us observe his notion of an Alexandrine:

"His eighteenth century flesh hath fattened nineteenth century cows,"
or of a line of eight syllables:

"Be you a policeman, stop you may";
a line which cannot be scanned unless the reader is supposed to descend to the unspeakable cockneyism of "p'liceman," which no doubt Mr. Le Gallienne unconsciously intended. But to come to his choice of words: an instance of this kind of infelicity occurs in his address to the tree, in "Tree-Worship":
"With loving cheek pressed close against thy horny breast,"

I hear the roar of sap mounting within thy veins."
How unfortunate is the epithet "horny" as applied to the bark of a tree, how forced and meaningless is the noun "roar" as applied to the rising of its sap! Or to come to his confused and contradictory use of metaphors. Take the line:

"I hid the deadly hunger in my eyes,"
or the line:

"Soft little globes of bosom-shaped sound,"
and the art of sinking in poetry is exemplified.

Then Mr. Le Gallienne's vocabulary is limited: one instance of this limitation is shown in his use of the epithet "great," which is generally applied to "eyes," and which occurs and re-occurs with wearisome repetition; thus we have "great immortal eyes," "your great accusing gaze," "in those great eyes," "those strange great eyes"; to say nothing of "great bands of heavenly birds," "wine and great grapes," "the great green world," "great wife of his great heart," "the great good song he gave." Indeed, whenever Mr. Le Gallienne has any vaguely elevated feelings about anybody or anything, and is at a loss for an adjective, the epithet "great" is commonly found suitable for every occasion. Again, when he is hard up for a rhyme, he will throw in a convenient interjection at the end of a line. "Mercy me!" "My heart, forgive!" "Stop it! hey!" "perdie!" are examples of interjections used in this way.

Of his resources of language and imagery, we can give but a few specimens: the song of a bird ordinarily suggests to him a flute; laurels and the lark are not infrequent images; but his use of the latter, it must be confessed, escapes the commonplace, for the bird is always introduced as being drunk:

"But see how yonder goes
Dew-drunk with giddy slant
Yon Shelley-lark."

Or again:

"Then a lark staggered singing by
Up his shining ladder of dew."

Has Mr. Le Gallienne, we wonder, ever troubled to observe the flight of a lark? Indeed, has he troubled to observe anything? For the same artificiality marks all his images.

These faults and flaws in the workmanship, serious as they are, might be excusable were they accompanied by some distinct power of invention, thought, or emotion; by some redeeming and attractive quality of fine personality. But they are not. The opening elegy to Robert Louis Stevenson is entirely vapid and artificial: it contains nothing; and the one phrase that strikes the eye plainly betrays the methods by which Mr. Le Gal-

lienne adventures literary criticism. How does he sum up Mr. Stevenson's gifts as a writer? "Virgil of prose!" That, surely, is an expression which signifies nothing but the fact that Mr. Le Gallienne is wholly unacquainted with the nature of Virgil's art. The same desire to produce a fine phrase without due regard to propriety or justness, characterizes what he says elsewhere of Tennyson:

"So great his song we deem a little while
That Song itself with his great voice hath fled,
So grand the toga-sweep of his great style,
So vast the theme on which his song was fed."

But, surely, there is here another note besides that of false criticism, doubtless unconscious, but still a note of insincerity, which becomes apparently more intentional in the poem "On Mr. Gladstone's Retirement." If we remember rightly, this poem originally appeared in one of the morning papers, where it might reasonably have passed muster as part and parcel of the day's politics; but when we find sentiments such as it contains solemnly printed in what pretends to be a volume of serious poetry, then we cannot but exclaim, and we believe that every reasonable admirer of Mr. Gladstone will exclaim with us, "Clap-trap!" If his want of real thought and sincerity lead Mr. Le Gallienne into absurdities, his lack of any sense of humour is perpetually launching him upon seas of imbecilities. His book is full of such things: he has a long poem addressed "To a Poet (Edmund Gosse)," in which the apotheosis of that writer is assumed and detailed in the most amazing manner. "Ah, tell us," concludes this ecstatic address:

"Ah, tell us, shining there,
Is fame as wonderful as song?
And laurels in your hair!"

Indeed, a serious risk is attached to a friendship with Mr. Le Gallienne: witness the poem to "Professor Minto":

"Nature, that makes Professors all day long,
And, filling idle souls with idle song,
Turns out small Poets every other minute,
Made earth for men—but seldom puts men in it.
Ah, Minto, thou of that minority
Wert man of men—we had deep need of thee!
Had Heaven a deeper? Did the heavenly Chair
Of Earthly Love wait empty for thee there?"

Another indication of Mr. Le Gallienne's general poverty of literary resource and want of originality, is to be found in his tendency to echo and alter in an inferior way what has been already superbly well done. His worst offence of this kind is a variation on George Herbert, a production which ought never to have been included in a volume of original verse, in which the lines from "The Elixir,"

"Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine,"
are turned into the following quatrain:
"Who dough shall knead as for God's sake,
Shall fill it with celestial leaven,
And every loaf that she shall bake
Be eaten of the Blest in heaven."

We now come to the more serious of all Mr. Le Gallienne's offences, his offences against good taste. Several of the quotations which we have already given indicate, in some way or another, his want of fine taste; but they are nothing in comparison with his worst lapses that way. Take this stanza from a lyric entitled "Snatch":

"From tavern to tavern
Youth passes along,
With an armful of girl
And a heart full of song."

An armful of girl! Place that beside the worst lapses of a true poet, and what a gulf is between them! A man who can commit an error of taste like that, reveals a radical flaw in his nature, which proves, beyond all doubt, that he can possess no real sense of beauty. But we weary both ourselves and our readers. To be brief, Mr. Le Gallienne is a poetaster; but even as a poetaster, he must rank low. If there is any one who would be at the pains to fully realize how foolish, vulgar, sentimental, slipshod, unscholarly, infelicitous, and generally unpoetical this writer can be, that sedulous person must obtain a copy of his book and read its contents for himself. He will then also have an opportunity of studying the etched title-page, and of observing

the prominence given to the name and portrait of a popular writer of the hour: the device shows a knowledge of human nature which is not always obvious in Mr. Le Gallienne's work. Yet we must admit that there is one stanza in his book which reveals an intimate acquaintance with certain traits in the character of the writer who aspires to popularity:

"Great is advertisement! 'tis almost fate;
But, little mushroom-men, of puff-ball fame,
Ah, do you dream to be mistaken great
And to be really great are just the same?"

IN MESOPOTAMIA.

"Six Months in a Syrian Monastery." By Oswald H. Parry, B.A., of Magdalen College, Oxford. Illustrated by the Author, with a Prefatory Note by the Bishop of Durham. London: Horace Cox. 1895.

BY a Syrian monastery Mr. Parry means a monastery of the ancient Syrian Jacobite Church, the members of which chiefly congregate in the highlands of Mesopotamia. The monastery in question is the chief residence of the Patriarch of Antioch. But here the reader must be wary, since no less than four prelates take their name from Antioch. The particular Patriarch whom Mr. Parry went out to see, on behalf of the "Syrian Patriarchate Education Society," and whose guest he was for some months, was that of Mardin, who was previously not unknown to English society of a serious turn. Like many Syrian ecclesiastics, he had visited England, and his venerable beard might have been noted among the motley crowd of sectaries who used to frequent the Master's garden in the Temple some time in "the seventies." When Mr. Parry was his guest, in 1892, the aged Patriarch had reached his ninety-third year, and it is not surprising that he has since joined the long line of his predecessors in the catacomb at Deir el-Za'faran, which Mr. Parry has described and sketched with equal skill and enthusiasm.

The Old Syrian Church, which has remained unchanged, petrified even, since its rejection of the Council of Chalcedon on the Eutychian dispute more than fifteen hundred years ago, forms an interesting and pathetic study, and Mr. Parry has brought to it a warm and generous sympathy and considerable historical research. His mission was part of the movement towards closer union with the Eastern Churches which has for some time been a fond dream of Anglican Catholics. Whether anything will come of it seems to depend almost as much upon politicians as upon missionaries. The Old Syrians appear to be desirous, in an ignorant fashion, of a closer relation with England and her Church; the English language is eagerly studied in their very elementary schools; and their leaders have visited England and sought to arouse our sympathy in their hopes. They have succeeded in moving the hearts of some of the clergy, but so far they have made little progress in inducing English statesmen to take an interest in their cause. Our traditional support of Turkey, coupled with the usual vehement Liberal denunciations of Turkish rule, mystifies them, and they are more than half inclined to trust the more consistent and intelligible policy of Russia.

Mr. Parry is no Canon McColl; he does not scent "atrocities" in every scarecrow. On the contrary he approaches the subject of Mohammedanism in a large-minded manner, and bears witness to the calm toleration of all creeds by the Turkish Government. The following passage strikes a note which we should like to hear oftener from Protestant missionaries.

"Many of the Churches of the East still remain under the domination of the Mohammedans. It is a cheap criticism to speak of Mohammed as the 'arch-impostor,' the 'self-deceived fanatic.' . . . It is clear to any one who glances even cursorily over the pages of Eastern Christian history at this time, that a time for judgment had come. . . . The birth and life of Mohammed were conceived to call men back to contemplate God's unity, and to purify seven times in the fire of suffering the Churches which are one day to rise again to fulfil the mission of their Founder. Nor is it less probable that under the rule of an alien and, as it officially now most assuredly is, tolerant rule, the union of the divided

Churches may be consummated, than were the Mohammedan yoke removed, and, with the division of empire among Christian races, the national distinctions and antipathies brought more into prominence and perhaps opposition. It cannot be too often repeated that the Churches of the East are essentially national Churches, kept separate to a large extent by their differences of language, and still less likely to unite were the bond of a common submission removed. When the Churches begin to contemplate unity, then will the work of Mohammed perhaps be done" (pp. 298-299).

Indeed, Mr. Parry is under no illusion as to the indifferent success of missionary propaganda among the followers of Islam. He says, boldly, "It is clear from all evidence that Christian effort among the Moslems is at present impracticable. The extreme efforts required, the infinitesimal results, and the fearful persecution consequent on conversion, have persuaded even the most sanguine that the times are not ripe for the work" (p. 311).

But whilst recognizing the good qualities of the Mohammedans of Asiatic Turkey and the official toleration extended to Christians, he has seen into the depths of administrative corruption, and has even witnessed an abominable case of persecution and massacre of the Yezidis; and so long as these things are possible he considers that England is not doing her duty.

"The moral is this: England and certain other Powers find it to their advantage to maintain Turkey in her present position. This policy may be right, as I think those who best know Turkey agree that it is. But this fact is clear, that if we do so maintain a Mohammedan state in power, it is our duty to see that she does not abuse it, and recognize that influence must be maintained, not by crying wolf at every imaginary outrage, not by encouraging disloyalty, not by idiotic abuse of the Turk and all his deeds, but by showing that our Government is one that can be trusted, whether Conservative or Liberal be in power, and that whatever we do, we will keep our treaties and guard the rights wisely of our fellow religionists in Turkey" (p. 261).

The truth, of course, is that the Asiatic Protectorate assumed by Great Britain at the Congress of Berlin is a dead letter. We are doing practically nothing to assert it. Our consular staff in Asia Minor is utterly inadequate, and only partly English. We do not take the smallest interest in the welfare of the people whom we engaged to protect, and only become conscious of their existence when some political party raises the old cry of "atrocities." Had we carried out our engagements the possibility of atrocities ought to have been finally removed. Mr. Parry's book should force this subject upon the attention of statesmen; and more, it should open their eyes to the great capabilities, the many agricultural and mineral resources, of our Protectorate. From Mr. Parry's account, even under the stagnant domination of indifferent Turks, Mesopotamia appears to be "a land of milk and honey," of rich pastures, waving cornfields, and clustering vines. His descriptions of scenery make one's mouth water. Take, for example, this picture of Urfa, the ancient Edessa, a city more civilized than Mardin and Mosul, in spite of its antiquity, more modern in its life, if such a term be permissible in relation to so old-fashioned a world, and standing upon one of the most picturesque sites in all Asiatic Turkey.

"Built half-way up the Jebel Nimrud, on a hill above a rushing torrent, it never lacks water or the sound of the perpetual fountain that gained for it in the old days the name Callirrhoë. Water in basins, in drinking places, in small mills; water in the torrents, in the springs, and down the sides of streets; everywhere is heard the same bubbling sound so dear to Oriental ears. And with it are trees innumerable, great forest trees in the gardens, with walnuts and pomegranates, and fruit of all sorts; gardens everywhere, within and without the town; and, a thing seldom to be seen in an Eastern town, the large courtyard of the Serai grass-grown, with seats and spreading trees on either side. The bazaars, too, and the streets seem all to share in the charm that water lends; nowhere else are there such vaulted corridors, tall and airy, for the market, such splendid caravansaries, built by some magnificent old Turk, of an order since passed away; and where, above

all, can be matched the exquisite mosque of Ibrahim el-Khalil—Abraham, the friend of God—with its stately minaret and marble courtyards reflected in the silent shady pool?" (pp. 31, 32).

In spring the valleys of Mesopotamia are perfect gardens, upon the beauty of which the traveller is never tired of expatiating. To most people, probably, the land suggests nothing more than mud-villages, tents of wandering Arabs, and occasional Assyrian monuments jutting up from the arid soil. How different is the reality may be judged from the description of the view from the old town of Amid, now called Diarbekr.

"The winter snows had not yet melted, so the river flowed neither deep nor strong. The banks lay broad and sandy on either side, with a wide belt of trees and shrubs under the rocks, rich with all manner of fruits. Across the river a few villages stood under the hill crests, and beyond, to north and west and east, rose cap after cap of snow on the mountains of Kurdistan. A lovely sight it was in springtime, before the heat had turned the leaves yellow and the grass dead brown, or the valleys were stripped of their harvests, and the hillsides of their grapes. Bushes of lilac, white and pink, gorgeous pomegranates, with snowy cherry-trees and almonds bright against the glistening green of walnut, ash, and poplar, all gave promise of a fruitful summer. For miles the gardens stretched up and down the Tigris shore, climbing the hills on either side, and giving place to vineyards as they rose, while in mid-stream a single raft of a hundred poles floated down on inflated skins to Mosul" (pp. 47, 48).

It seems a thousand pities that a country so rich and abounding in the means of production should not be energetically developed. At present, in spite of its resources, it is miserably poor, and its inhabitants are wretchedly ignorant. Yet they are a hardworking, industrious folk, easily managed, peaceable, and possessed of excellent domestic qualities, and it would not be difficult to show them how to better their condition if England chose to take up their cause. Mr. Parry's interesting book is a strenuous plea on their behalf. No one can read it without being drawn towards the neglected people and forgotten land which he describes with sympathetic touch, and whether or not the Anglican Church may extend the right hand of fellowship to her decrepit sister with practical effect, it is abundantly clear that a considerable field for English enterprise and development lies vacant in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris. General Chesney was right when he urged the claims of his now almost forgotten Euphrates Expedition. Had his scheme been properly supported, much of Mr. Parry's book would have been ancient history, obliterated in the march of Western progress along the memorable shores of the Great River.

MR. HADOW'S MUSICAL CRITICISM.

"Studies in Modern Music." (Second Series.) By W. H. Hadow, M.A. London: Seeley & Co. 1895.

MR. HADOW, we understand, is a favourite lecturer on musical subjects at Oxford, and this, his latest book, partly explains the reputation he has there obtained. His critical method is the method of the Old Bailey, and Old Bailey criticism is the only kind that Oxford comprehends. If Mr. Hadow objects to this description of his method, we must refer him to his own printed pages, which, we presume, he read with some care in proof. On p. 73, he tells us "... there can be no sound judgment without a code"; on p. 14, "... we appraise an artistic work, not by any test of sensuous pleasure, or emotional stimulus, but by some definite and intelligible scheme of æsthetic laws"; and on p. 302, "... though we can never put into words what we mean by the soul of music, we may yet point to perfection of body as its evidence," a wholly unwarranted statement which sums up Mr. Hadow's method with really admirable conciseness. He puts his prisoners, Chopin, Dvorák, and Brahms, into the dock, and from the states of their bodies draws quaint inferences as to the states of their souls, and according to the states, thus deduced, of their souls, passes due sentence upon them with as much solemnity as if he were a real judge with a horse-hair wig. Obviously, the value, or the reverse, of

Mr. Hadow's verdicts depends upon the validity of his code; and Mr. Hadow's code is as preposterously unfair to the prisoner as is the criminal code of England. He deals with music; and as the sole significance of music is its beauty and emotion, it staggers us to be told at the outset that "sensuous pleasure and emotional stimulus" may be disregarded, or, as Mr. Hadow puts it elsewhere, "the musical critic may virtually disregard the element of sensation." If that be disregarded, what shall avail us? "Our appreciation of style, our appreciation of structure, all that we really imply in the word 'criticism,'" Mr. Hadow replies, and at once we see that, for all his pretence of ratiocination and modernity, Mr. Hadow is not a whit more advanced than Mr. Maitland. When he further remarks that by "structure is meant the distribution of keys in a composition, by style the proper arrangement of its phrases," we realize that he is at heart as dry a pedant as the late Sir George Macfarren. In fact the trial is just about to commence, when we discover that the judge knows nothing of the laws which affect the case, and seems, in addition, to suffer from colour-blindness and myopia.

Still, Mr. Hadow's judgments are admired at Oxford for their clearness and comprehensibility, and it may be worth while giving them, as a matter of curiosity, a moment's consideration. The pedant is always very strong on Form: it is the one thing in music he can understand. He will declare that the regularity of a Bach aria is its chief beauty, and then, to demonstrate how purely pedantic, how entirely removed from reality and practice, he is in all his thoughts, he will perform Bach's "Matthew Passion," shortening the work by omitting the Da Capos of the songs "that the audience may be enabled to catch their trains." That is to say, having insisted that the main beauty of the lizard is the perfect proportion of body to tail and tail to body, he pulls off the tail to pack the beast in a box that a fellow-pedant may share the enjoyment of its beauty with him. Mr. Hadow is a pedant, and we need not therefore be surprised when we learn that by "perfection of body" he means that the composer under trial writes in Sonata Form. Mr. Hadow, indeed, has Sonata Form on the brain. He devotes seventy-six pages to proving that it is "the highest type of structural development to which music has yet arrived." Sonata Form is very well in its way: so is the sonnet; but to claim music written in Sonata Form as on that account nobler than music written in a less rigid form, is to claim a fine sonnet as necessarily superior to a great play or poem in blank verse. This, in effect, Mr. Hadow courageously asserts, although he laments the fact that no composer (save Brahms) since Beethoven has paid much attention to Form, while even Beethoven erred sometimes! Although Beethoven erred in disregarding Form, Mr. Hadow does not. Chopin being "in structure a child, playing with a few simple types, and almost helpless as soon as he advances beyond them . . . can claim no place among the few great masters of the world," for under the Hadow code of law it is nothing that the content of Chopin's form is infinitely nobler, more poetic, than anything the barren academic mind of Brahms can conceive. Brahms, of course, "occupies an incontestable place among the greatest composers of the world," for he was "born to restore classical traditions in music." Schumann, we learn incidentally, is greater than Berlioz, a statement which makes us doubt whether Mr. Hadow has ever listened seriously to a note of the latter composer. Dvorák is good or bad according to the regularity of his form. We need go no further. Mr. Hadow's "Studies" were apparently written to uphold a pedantic and obsolete ideal. Even those readers who may think our description of the book as Old Bailey criticism somewhat severe, must admit it to be the worthless result of examining the greatest achievements in music as a bricklayer might look at a cathedral, merely to see if the joints are well made and the mortar good.

SONGS OF THE STREETS.

"Dans la Rue." Par Aristide Bruant. Deuxième Volume. Paris: Aristide Bruant. 1895.

THE verse of Aristide Bruant, written, as it is, to be sung, and before the casual and somewhat disorderly audience of a small cabaret near what was once

the Élysée-Montmartre; written, as it is, mainly in the slang of the quarter, the uncomely *argot* of those *boulevards extérieurs* which are the haunts of all that is most sordidly depraved in Paris,—this verse is yet, in virtue of its rare qualities of simplicity, sincerity, and poignant directness, verse of really serious, and not inconsiderable, literary merit. Like the powerful designs of Steinlen, which illustrate them, these songs are for the most part ugly enough, they have no charm or surprise of sentiment, they appeal to one by no imported elegances, by none of the conventionalities of pathos or pity. They take the real life of poor and miserable and vicious people, their real sentiments, their typical moments of emotion or experience—as in the very fine and very blasphemous song of the rain, and the poor soaked vagabond ready to "curse God and die"—and they say straight out, in the fewest words, just what such people would really say, with a wonderful art in the reproduction of the actual vulgar accent. Take, for instance, the thief, shut up "à Mazas," who writes to his "p'tit Rose," asking her to send him "un peu d'oseille" (a little "oof"):

"Tu dois ben ça à ton p'tit homme
Qu'a p't'êt' été méchant pour toi,
Mais qui t'aimait ben, car, en somme,
Si j'te flaupais, tu sais pourquoi.
A présent qu'me v'là dans les planques
Et qu'je n'peux pus t'coller des tas,
Tu n'te figur's pas c'que tu m'manques,
A Mazas.

"Faut que j'te d'mande encor' que'qu'chose,
Ça s'rait qu' t'aill's voir un peu mes vieux.
Vas-y, dis, j't'en pri', ma p'tit' Rose,
Malgré qu't'es pas bien avec eux.
Je n'sais rien de c'qui leur arrive. . .
Vrai, c'est pas pour fair' du pallas,
Mais j'voudrais bien qu'moman m'écrive,
A Mazas."

Then there is the decrepit old beggar:

"J'ai pus d'dents, pus d'cheveux, pus d'yeux,
J'peux pus marcher, j'suis un pauvre vieux"—
the "lily-livered" creature (j'ai les foi's blancs) who laments his useless cowardice in regard to matters of assault and battery, but is candid enough to think that at all events he will come to no violent end himself:

"Ma tête . . . alle aura des ch'veux blancs";
the socialist workman, with his "Faut pus d'tout ça . . . faut pus de rien"; the street-walker, her lover and her jealousies; the grave-digger, who ends all:

"Comm' des mariés, couverts d'fleurs,
Tous les matins on m'en apporte,
Avec leurs parfums, leurs odeurs . . .
Moi j'trouv' que ça sent bon, la morte.
J'les prends dans mes bras, à mon tour,
Et pis j'les berce. . . Et pis j'les couche,
En r'inflant la goulé d'amour
Qui s'échappe encor' de leur bouche."

You may say that these are not agreeable people to be introduced to, and here is a book, certainly, which it is open to every one not to read. But such people exist in real life, and they are brought before us here, as they so rarely are in the literature which professes to be realistic, with an absolute realism. Bruant's taste lies in the direction of a somewhat *macabre* humour; he gives us, by preference, the darker side of these dark and shadowed lines; but if there is much that he leaves out of the picture, at all events he introduces nothing into it which is not to be found in the reality which it professes to copy. Compare, for instance, "les gueux" of Bruant with those of Richepin. Bruant is a human document, a bit of crude but exact observation; Richepin gives us nothing but impossible rhetoric about impossible persons. And who would not give all the pseudo-philosophy, the pretentious and preposterous pessimism of the writer of "Les Blasphèmes," for this little casual, irresponsible moral, the comment on the end of a nameless soldier who had been guillotined for committing a murder:

"S'i's'rait parti pour el'Tonquin,
I's'rait fait crever l'casaquin

Comm' Rivière . . .

Un jour on aurait p't'êt' gravé,
Sur un marbre ou sur un pavé,
L'nom d'sa mière."

So resigned, in so deperate a resignation under whatever fate may send, are these children of the gutter; philosophers, in their way, since they can accept fortune or misfortune without surprise, if also without thankfulness. Their resignation, their savageries, brutal affections, drunken gaieties, obscene delights; all these Bruant has realized and represented in the two volumes of "*Dans la Rue*," which sum up, as nothing else in contemporary literature does, the whole life of the streets, where that life is most typical, curious, and interesting, in Paris, along the dreary sweep of the outer boulevards.

FICTION.

"The Romance of Paradise." By Edmund S. Gunn. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1895.

THERE is a strain of poetry in the idea of this little book, but the work is neither rich enough nor with the proper substratum of knowledge to do that idea justice. And even for the idea we can scarcely congratulate Mr. Gunn; it is the Blessed Damozel, with a dash of Poe and a thought of Swedenborg; a disconsolate lover dreams of his lost "Madeline," and passes with her through the sidereal universe to the central sun or heaven. That central sun was invented by Dr. Platt out of his own head last year. Mr. Gunn's ideas of physiography are crude in the extreme; he has scarcely an ordinary knowledge of astronomy—on page 29, for instance, we find a belief that compounds are necessarily more dense than their constituent elements, that compound bodies occur in the sun, and that electricity is a "vaporous medium," and over the page is an artless display of ignorance of the principle of the conservation of energy; and these deficiencies clip the wings of his invention. Yet his Paradise is furnished with a certain tawdry magnificence, and there are occasional flashes of brilliant imagination in the book, flashes that justify us, we think, in advising Mr. Gunn, if he writes for love rather than profit, to give a few years to scientific study and then to try his hand at this subject again.

"By Order of the Brotherhood." By Le Voleur. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1895.

"The Prince of Balkistan." By Allen Upward. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

"Marmaduke, Emperor of Europe." By X. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1895.

We are unspeakably weary of these childish romances of detectives and political characters, without beauty, novelty, wit, nor human interest to justify their production, yet through which the wretched reviewer must needs conscientiously search lest some needle of promise be hidden in their bulk of dry conventionality. Here are three more corpulent volumes in glaring covers; we open one and find one Brice on the track of a mysterious murderer, and a respectable young Englishman imprisoned by Nihilists among the dynamite beneath the Winter Palace; we put it aside only to discover in the next a detective (disguised as a monk) in Bulgaria; open the third haphazard and find forthwith an attempt to murder the German Emperor by means of bombs. One would like to dispose of the three in one terse monosyllable. However, it is a reviewer's duty to read them—he is not like the general reader, who may pick and choose—and read they have been. They are three bad cases of newspaper and detectives on the brain—"Marmaduke" has most newspaper, "By Order of the Brotherhood" most detective. The most amateurish and the most promising performance is "Marmaduke, Emperor of Europe." It is crude, it is ill constructed, it is written in the reporting style, but there is a certain courageous imaginativeness about it that—if the writer is young—may be the germ of better things. If the writer is young, we say, because he has all his trade to learn: construction, paragraphing, style, everything. The two other volumes lack even this gleam of hope.

"Eyre's Acquittal." By Helen Mathers. Popular Edition. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1895.

When did this novelist ever disappoint expectation? In an age when three volumes are written round a plot which would make one respectable magazine story, it revives the heart to reread Miss Helen Mathers. Here

we have a murder or two, several bad accidents, a little lunacy, a burial (of quite the wrong corpse), several fainting fits, a criminal trial, and many innocuous love affairs. For "Eyre's Acquittal" that gentleman should thank Mr. Wilkie Collins, who showed him the way (in "*The Moonstone*") to do bad things in his sleep and repeat them in dumb show before a convinced and sympathetic audience, just to show there is "no trickery." After Mr. Eyre has done this, there is "no question of his trial." As, however, he was undoubtedly unfortunate enough to murder his wife, he does not feel easy in his mind, in spite of having been drowsy at the time. So he tactfully and with haste proceeds to die a natural death, and everybody in the book gets married. To the reader who would like more for his money we recommend the numerous other works of this very "popular" writer.

"A Little Sister to the Wilderness." By Lilian Bell. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1895.

This is a dainty little story, if a trifle sentimental. The Little Sister to the Wilderness is a beautiful girl with a mind, who lives with very unpromising parents in West Tennessee. Culture not being the strongest feature of this interesting spot, the girl's mind is rather in her way. But she meets a nice and lady-like revivalist preacher, who reads Mr. Blackmore to her. Matrimony ensues, and "her soul finds its voice." The descriptions of the heroine's family and surroundings are happily touched in, and there are many gleams of fun. Altogether, Miss Bell is to be congratulated on another pretty and womanly bit of writing.

"Into the Highways and Hedges." By F. Montrésor. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

This book is decidedly above the average. It is cleverly written and the plot has novelty. Barnabas the Preacher, who is the hero, has a slightly "stagey" flavour about his character and actions. He has a "call" to convert a young woman of beauty and fortune. The conversion ends in her repudiation by her family, on which Barnabas contracts a strictly Platonic marriage with her and takes her about the country to listen to him while he talks to the masses from a tub. They fall in love with one another throughout the rest of the book. There is a sensational episode with diamonds, and a murder trial, which seems to us something of an excrescence, but the plot has no other extravagance. There are many happy turns of phrase without an attempt at epigram, and in parts the writing has "style" and even beauty. On the whole, the book is a good one and should attract some notice.

"Dr. Gray's Quest." By F. H. Underwood. London: Gay & Bird. 1895.

There is a curious effect of patchwork in the writing of this story. It is hard to believe it the work of one hand. All that concerns life in the village of Little Canaan and the doings of its inhabitants is vigorous and amusing. Mercy Starkweather, the village beauty, is evidently a man's creation. But when we leave the village and come to a convict prison, the book grows unaccountably feeble. There is the intolerably innocent convict we have so often met (on bookstalls). There is even the deserving young man who loves the convict's pretty daughter and clears her father's name to win her hand. With the convict episode omitted, the book is a good story of American village life. Without the omission, it is unequally written to a bewildering degree.

"The Grasshoppers." By Mrs. Andrew Dean. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1895.

We speak without scorn when we label this a book for the young person. It should appeal to the wholesome minority of her. Hilary, the heroine, is distinctly good. In her first vacation, she arrives from college "with 'Walden' in her trunk and contempt in her soul for material comforts." She goes to a ball draped in the "simplicity" of bath-towels, to the scandal of her mother. The next term shows a modification. "At Easter she arrived with a Norwegian dictionary and a friend, who said Ibsen had knocked Shakespeare into a cocked hat. The two young ladies spent the vacation discussing the marriage laws and a pamphlet that should

bring about their amendment. But the pamphlet never got written, because one day a young man called on Hilary's friend and proposed to her." After her last term, Hilary has exhausted most "isms" and shows a healthy anxiety as to the modishness of her sleeves. Her frivolous sister Nell is another amusing study, and the adventures of both girls in their German home are brightly told. The book leaves a decidedly pleasant impression.

"A Pliable Marriage." By Percival Pickering. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1895.

This work is indebted to the average penny novelette for its plot, to John Oliver Hobbes for one or two characters and their utterances, and to the New Woman vapours, not even yet banished from our literary atmosphere, for its general tendency. The Platonic marriage with its invariable ending; the maiden who converses on improper topics from the depths of a pure heart: do we not know them? And here we have them all again, neatly bound and grammatically written about.

"A Maid of the Manse." By E. Rentoul Esler. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1895.

Scotch ministers would appear still to divide the interest of the public with astute detectives. This story deals with several of the former blameless race. As the writer has given us some good scenes, and a real character or two, drawn with pathos and power, we forgive him for treating of the religious doubts of a young man. We confess that our hearts sank at the words, "I find I cannot accept our creed." But there is not overmuch of this. Perhaps the worst blemish of the book is the slightness of the thread of plot that links together the various sketches. Doctor Hamilton's parishioners are a clever and caustic study. The author has written in English, which is, perhaps, more than we had the right to expect.

"Cancelled Bonds." By Henry Cresswell. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1895.

"Cancelled Bonds" is the story of a young woman who goes about attempting to murder most of her acquaintances. They are never very seriously hurt, though she throws them over bridges and stabs them with the paper-knife of fiction, which is "sharp as a razor." Every one takes this ferocious young lady's assaults politely. It is admitted that her temper is unfortunate, but her father was given to slaying people, so it was only natural. "Did you ever see a hen that laid kittens?" pertinently inquires one of her indulgent elders. There is a slightly incoherent plot, with a mystery or two which the author seems to repent having pledged himself to clear up. He may do so in a sequel. Meanwhile we will content ourselves with the conscientious three volumes now before us.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century." Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow: Hodge & Co. 1895.

THOSE who mislike the multiplication of anthologies, which is a mark of these times, will yet receive with favour this new volume of the "Abbotsford" series of Scottish poets. Mr. Eyre-Todd deals with a well-defined period of production, and with a most interesting group of poets. He has made an excellent selection from the earliest Scottish poets who wrote poetry in the courtly and ornate English of Jacobean times. Sir Robert Aytoun, the first of these courtier-poets, is represented by several delightful pieces, such as the famous sonnet on Tobacco, and the address "To an Inconstant Mistress," with "The Author's Answer," which was "written at the King's command." Less known to English readers is the poetry of Sir David Murray, who held important posts in the royal household of James VI. The five sonnets given by Mr. Eyre-Todd have much of the elegance of the Italianate sonnet-writers, such as Watson, with something of the grace of later Restoration poets. By Sir Robert Ker, Earl of Ancrum, we have paraphrases of two psalms after Buchanan's Latin versions, and a sonnet "In Praise of a Solitary Life," enclosed in a letter to Drummond written in 1644. Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, a far more considerable poet than those already named, is of course more largely represented. He figures, indeed, in many anthologies. The compiler of the admirable "Golden Treasury" admitted his poetry to that selection, though somewhat sparsely. Mr. Eyre-Todd here gleans the most exquisite numbers from the "Aurora" in addition to the interesting "Parænesis to Prince

Henry," and other poems. Of Drummond, the greatest of the poets exemplified in the volume, it need hardly be said that not less liberal and choice is the editor's selection. The noble sonnets of the poet of Hawthornden are well represented, and there is a goodly gathering of the "Flowers of Sion." We miss the magnificent lyric "Phœbus, arise!" and should have hailed a more generous show of the gem-like madrigals. But Mr. Eyre-Todd has aimed, it would seem, at presenting all the aspects of Drummond's poetry. He even gives certain of the Jonsonian epigrams, such as that delightful one of Pym and the "Lower House," and that on the much-travelled Lord Sanquhar, who was hanged for murder, and

"To finish his travels, a spectacle rare,

Was bound towards heaven, but died in the air."

Montrose, with the peerless "My dear and only love, I pray," and other examples, is the last of this gallant company of courtly singers. There are who find an allegory, or something of the kind, in the famous "Love Verses." Most people find their meaning simple enough, and will agree with the editor's praise. With these poets are associated the Semples of Beltrees, Sir James and Robert his son, and Francis his grandson, poets who did not write in the English of the Court, but in the vernacular. Sir James Semple's satire in dialogue "The Packman's Pater-noster," Francis Semple's "Maggie Lauder," "Should old acquaintance be forgot," and the rest, serve to connect the age of the "makers" and the age of Burns. Mr. Eyre-Todd has wisely not mingled these specimens of Scottish seventeenth-century poetry, but separates the work of each poet, and prefaces each section of his book with an excellent biographical and critical introduction.

"The Secret History of the Court of Berlin." By Count Mirabeau. Two Vols. London: H. S. Nichols & Co. 1895.

Memoirs that have any pretension to be considered "secret," being not intended for publication, or perhaps unfit for publication, have never lacked a multitude of readers. The work before us was condemned as a libel, and burned by the public executioner in Paris. This fate, though not uncommon at that date in France, combined with the ascription of the book to Mirabeau, naturally caused it to be much discussed when it appeared in England on the eve of the Revolution. It is a good deal doubtful whether Mirabeau had a hand in this Berlin correspondence of a "Voyageur Français," or whether, as is alleged, the letters were addressed to Calonne. There is nothing characteristic of Mirabeau about them; nothing, that is to say, that shows any individuality of any kind. The English they are rendered in is often extraordinary, indeed, while the notes appended are sometimes exceedingly absurd. The position of the writer at the Court of Berlin, so far as we may judge by his admissions, is altogether so anomalous as to be scarcely credible. The earlier letters are the more plausible and the more interesting. The second volume, in fact, is inordinately dull. We are not greatly moved by the "French traveller's" little scandals about Mlle. Voss, or his indelicate notes about the great Frederick's last illness and last will. The most curious passages are those that wear now something of a prophetic air. Such are the comparisons of the Prussian and Austrian army; the sketch of the Duke of Brunswick; the early example (1786) of Russian designs against England in India, and certain remarks concerning the consolidation of German States.

"Loimographia; an Account of the Great Plague of London in the year 1665." By William Boghurst, Apothecary. Edited by Joseph Frank Payne, M.D. London: Shaw & Sons. 1895.

This very interesting treatise, printed from a manuscript in the British Museum library, is the work of a medical man who practised his art while the plague was raging in London in 1664-1665. It contains, says Dr. Payne, "the best account of the great epidemic which has been preserved," and has been printed by the Epidemiological Society. Boghurst's theories of the nature and origin of the plague are remarkable. He deals, in one chapter, with the subject of soil-infection, and he seems to indicate the cause of the pestilence in some specific poison. This "venome," as he calls it, is "a concretion of many little bodies, though very subtle and invisible." But he proceeds to say that nothing satisfactory is known concerning the nature and appearance of these minute bodies; "they fall not under the eye's perception, though assisted with the best inventions in perspective, wherein this last age has furnished us with." His vigorous argument against bleeding shows how enlightened and how in advance of the times was this courageous apothecary, who attended some fifty patients a day during the terrible year of plague, when so many physicians, as he records, fled from the town. Both from the medical and the literary point of view, Boghurst's treatise thoroughly deserves the publication, belated though it may seem, it has received from the Epidemiological Society.

"The Naval Annual, 1895." Edited by T. A. Brassey. Portsmouth: Griffin & Co.; London: Simpkin & Co. 1895.

If lessened in bulk, the "Naval Annual" this year is of increased interest, owing to various contributions by Mr. Laird Clowes, Mr. Harrison Moore, and others, on the naval engagements in the recent war in the East. An excellent summary of these operations, illustrated by diagrams, is given by Mr. Laird

Clowes, who deals with the course of the war from the loss of the steamship *Kowshing* to the investment and capture of Port Arthur and of Wei-hai-wei. The tactics of the two fleets in the battle of Yalu, or Hai-Yun-Tau, are clearly set forth, with the practical results of the action upon both sides. The anonymous writer who discusses the "Lessons" of the naval war between Japan and China, decides that it is "impossible to distinguish a single point which has really taught us anything fresh." He notes, however, the ineffective co-operation of the fast cruisers of both fleets. He observes, also, the important advantages possessed by the Japanese in the "interchangeability" of all parts of their guns or mountings. Thus, they were able to repair and refit with spare parts their partially disabled guns within a brief space of time after the battle of Yalu. Mr. Harrison Moore deals with the question of international law arising out of the sinking of the *Kowshing*. By offering resistance to the enemy, he thinks that this steamer lost her legal right to be taken into port.

"The Dance at the Four Corners." By G. B. Burgin. Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin & Co. 1895.

Mr. Burgin tells in this short story of the fierce rivalry that sprang up between two remote Canadian villages, and how, by some clever strategy, a threatened vendetta was averted. The story is vivaciously told, and abounds in varied incident. The dialect of the folk of "The Hill" and "The Four Corners" strikes us as being as little Canadian as the persons represented. The latter, however, are well drawn on the whole, and there is sufficient spirit in the narrative to carry the reader well pleased to the end.

"Arne." By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Walter Low. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

The new edition that marks the transfer of this rendering of Arne from Bohn's Library to Messrs. Heinemann derives a melancholy interest from the recent death of the translator, and a sympathetically worded obituary notice from the pen of Mr. Gosse prefaces this volume. Walter Low was only thirty years of age, and the personal loss his friends have suffered is enhanced by the fact that, through his brief life, he was too heavily encumbered ever to find a breathing space to do complete justice to the great and exceptional literary ability he indubitably possessed. His life was one long struggle against adverse circumstances. Yet as it stands his record is remarkable enough; in an office at sixteen and with only the scanty leisure of a business man, he was yet able by twenty to take the degree of M.A. in the London University with high honours, and to obtain a scholarship, specially devised for him at Trinity College. He married, and thereafter, under the pressure of immediate necessities, his life was an incessant course of coaching, text-book writing, journalism, and translation. But he was steadily rising in spite of all obstacles, and his sudden death from pneumonia came to those who knew him well and looked forward to a brilliant future for him, as a bitter revelation of the irony of life. He was for the last few months of his career a contributor to this paper. Any lesser man might have been proud of the present translation of "Arne." He has preserved for the English reader all the idyllic beauty of this subtly simple story, and his rendering of Arne's songs is real poetry, a feat that any reader of translations will appreciate.

"Lob Lie-by-the-Fire and other Tales" and "Jan of the Windmill." By Juliana Horatia Ewing. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1895.

We are delighted to meet these two old friends of our boyhood, so pleasantly bound and clearly printed. There have been few more delightful story-tellers than Mrs. Ewing; she was that rare and precious thing in literature, a woman with original imagination and humour of her own. How much Mrs. Sarah Grand or Iota, for instance, might learn if they would but have the humility to examine the exquisite construction of these brilliant tales! We would like to set George Egerton studying her too—it would cool her hot heart—and John Oliver Hobbes might gain from her some rudimentary ideas of symmetrical development. But the higher education of women seems to have ended the series of Mrs. Ewings, women who could write with the delicacy of ladies and the artistic sanity of men, and to have left us nothing but the rough and ready confessors of introspective feminine physiology and the conscientious imitators of a quite masculine wit. These two volumes come like a draught of ice-cold water to a reviewer whose daily lot lies among the sandy wastes of contemporary fiction.

NOTES.

UNDER the title "Four American Universities," Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, issue a handsome illustrated volume devoted to the history and constitution of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia universities. Mr. Charles Eliot Norton treats in admirable style of the memorable past of Harvard, and of what Harvard aspires to be in the future. The subject of Princeton, past and present, naturally falls to Mr. William Sloane's charge, since Mr. Sloane has already discoursed of the historic memories of Nassau Hall in an attractive volume, which we noticed on its appearance

recently. Mr. Arthur Hadley sketches the interesting history and development of Yale, and Mr. Brander Matthews deals with the metropolitan college and university of Columbia, whose expansion of late is so remarkable.

The fourth volume of Mr. Joseph Gillow's "Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics" (Burns & Oates) is advanced well into the letter M. We are glad to note that there is a good prospect of the successful completion of this valuable historical and literary dictionary by the coming autumn.

Mr. Frederick A. Hyndman has edited an early work of Lord Beaconsfield, "Vindication of the English Constitution" (Ideal Publishing Union), which doubtless deserves to be called, at this date, a "rare reprint," and certainly should command the consideration of many readers. This "Letter to a Noble Lord" (Lord Lyndhurst), by "the younger Disraeli," is still excellent reading, and not without significance at this hour. Indeed, a very close parallel might be established between the present political situation and that so trenchantly set forth in this historical view of the great political parties in the thirties.

From Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Bristol and Clifton, we have received an artist's proof engraving, after M. Louis B. Hurt's fine painting, "West Highlanders," which is altogether an excellent example of photogravure reproduction. All the features of the impressive scene are adequately rendered, from the vast mist-laden sky, the sombre distance of mountains that frame the wide strath, to the foreground with its scattered cattle and broken lights and cloud-shadows, and the wan gleam of water beneath the shrouded heights.

To English the delightful comedy of "Gyp" must needs prove a hardy experiment, and we cannot say that Mrs. Patchett Martin's rendering of the exquisite "Chiffon's Marriage" (Hutchinson & Co.) leaves us untroubled with what Shelley called the burden of the curse of Babel. At the same time, it is but fair to add that the translator has caught much of the charm of "Gyp" in certain scenes, although of necessity the finer and more volatile elements are wanting. The ride in the forest, for example, and the scene at the dressmaker's, are skilfully conveyed. The book is illustrated by a charming portrait of the accomplished author and a specimen of her imposing handwriting.

Mr. F. C. Phillips treats of no very knotty problem in "A Question of Colour" (Constable & Co.), a little story contributed to the "Acme Library." The beautiful Miss Bruton, while engaged to a young man who is seeking his fortune in the African diamond fields, is induced by her vulgar scheming mother to marry an African prince of prodigious wealth. The unhappy black man speedily discovers the bride's loathing of him, and, in a fit of despair, commits suicide. The young woman is then, it would seem, united to her original lover, who is certainly a most exemplary Christian character.

"A Fatal Step," by "Gem" (Fisher Unwin), tells of the tragic conclusion of the matrimonial experiences of a young hero. It is not exhilarating, though some novelty is imparted to the story in the shape of a duel in a dismal kind of Indian swamp.

"The Governor's Guide to Windsor Castle," by the Marquis of Lorne (Cassell & Co.), is a handbook that will be appreciated by visitors to Windsor and Eton. The present aspects and past history of the Castle are dealt with in an interesting style, and the book is very well illustrated by Mr. Railton and others.

Among new editions we note "Scott," "Burns," and "Coleridge" "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan & Co.), in one volume; "Austin Elliot" and "The Harveys," by Henry Kingsley (Ward, Lock & Bowden); "Waverley," vols. i. and ii. of the reprint of the "Author's Edition" (Constable & Co.); "The Legends of King Arthur," by James Knowles (Warne & Co.); "The Terrible Czar," translated by Captain H. Clare Filmore from the Russian of Count A. K. Tolstoi (Sampson Low & Co.); "The Mill on the Floss," vol. i., "Standard Edition" of George Eliot's works (Blackwood & Sons); "A Floating City" and "Running the Blockade," by Jules Verne (Sampson Low & Co.), in one volume; and "Livingstone in Africa," by the Hon. Roden Noel, illustrated by Hume Nisbet (Ward & Downey).

Mr. Percy Russell's "Guide to British and American Novels" (Digby, Long & Co.) appears as a second edition, "carefully revised"; but the revision leaves unaffected the haphazard jumble that characterizes the odd classification of the compiler. Truly, the guidance of this "Guide" is greatly to seek. The masterpieces of genius are massed confusedly with the sorriest trash. Thus, in the midst of a series of paragraphs devoted to the illustrious obscure, we come on this delicious observation: "George Borrow also should not be passed over with his 'Romany (sic) Rye,'" as if Borrow were an unconsidered trifle in the estimation of the literary Autolycus.

We have also received "Commercial Statistics of the Republic of Chile" (Valparaiso: Helfmann) for the year 1893; "The Royal Blue Book," new edition (Kelly & Co.); "Chemists and

their Wonders," by F. M. Holmes (Partridge & Co.); "The Religion of the Crescent," by the Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall (S.P.C.K.); "John Stuart Mill," by Charles Douglas, M.A. (Blackwood & Sons); "The Greek Tenses in the New Testament," by the Rev. P. Thomson (Edinburgh: Gardner Hitt); "Greek and Latin Verse Translations," by the Rev. D. Baker (Longmans & Co.); Pascal's "Pensées," translated by E. T. Frere, M.A. (Norwich: A. H. Goose); "Vashti," by John Brayshaw Kaye (Putnam's Sons); "Avalon," a poetic romance, by Dora Stuart Menteith (Elliott & Co.); "A World Beneath the Waters," by the Rev. Gerard Bancks, illustrated (Cassell & Co.); the first part of Vol. IV. of Dr. J. A. H. Murray's "New English Dictionary" (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); "Archæologia Oxoniensis," Part V. (Oxford and London: Frowde); "Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society," No. XXXVI. (Bell & Sons); "The Abbey of S. Edmund at Bury," by Montague Rhodes James, Litt.D. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.); "Comte, Mill, and Spencer," by John Watson, LL.D. (Glasgow: Maclehose); "A Handbook of Hygiene," by A. M. Davies (Griffin & Co.), illustrated; "Augustine of Canterbury," by E. L. Cutts, D.D. (Methuen & Co.), "Leaders of Religion" series; "The Story of Early Gaelic Literature," by Douglas Hyde, LL.D. (Fisher Unwin); "Neoplatonism," by C. Bigg, D.D. (S.P.C.K.); "The Church of England Hymnal," edited by Canon C. D. Bell and the Rev. H. E. Fox, M.A., with the music by A. H. Mann, Mus.D. (Hodder & Stoughton); "The Making of the England of Elizabeth," by Allen B. Hinds (Rivington, Percival & Co.); "Political Institutions of the Ancient Greeks," by Basil Edward Hammond (Clay & Sons); "A Future Roman Empire," by George Edward Turner (Elliott Stock); "An Island Story," by Robert Sinclair (Lamley & Co.); "The Faded Poppy," by Henry Keane (Hodder Brothers); "Seven Love Songs," by Ellis Walton (Elliott Stock); "Miss Coventry's Maid," by M. and C. Lee (National Society); "Spook Ballads," by W. Theodore Parkes (Simpkin & Co.); "Spring, Summer, and Autumn Leaves," by Caroline King Robertson (Fisher Unwin); "Intimations of the Beautiful," by Madison Cawein (Putnam's Sons); and "England's Responsibility Towards Armenia," by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl (Longmans & Co.).

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET; to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any newsagent in Town or Country, on application to the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAPLE & CO

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MAPLE & CO. receive weekly consignments of choice TURKEY CARPETS, and invite intending purchasers to examine and compare both quality and price before deciding elsewhere. These Carpets are in many instances reproductions of the most unique examples of the Seventeenth Century, and are the only substitutes for the antique, at one-fourth the cost.

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706

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE—Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. ENGLISH OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES. For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS. GRAND OPERA SEASON.—For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, will be presented THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES, an Original Comedy in Three Acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Mr. George Alexander, Messrs. Herbert Waring, H. V. Esmond, E. M. Robson, Ernest Hendrie, H. H. Vincent, James Welch, Arthur Royston, Mark Paton, Duncan Tovey, Master Frank Saker, Lady Monckton, Miss Elliott Page, Miss Blanche Wilmot, and Miss Juliette Nesville. Doors open, 8. Commence, 8.30. Carriages, 10.45. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3. Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open Daily, 10 till 5. Seats may be booked one month in advance by letter, telegram, or telephone (3993). ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Admission Daily One Shilling. ILLUMINATED GARDEN FÊTES IN NORTH TOWER GARDEN EVERY EVENING.

AFRICA IN LONDON, AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION, and EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE, CRYSTAL PALACE EVERY DAY INCLUDING WHIT-MONDAY.

CARL HAGENBECK'S EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE and SOMALI DISPLAY, CRYSTAL PALACE. Extraordinary Success.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—IN WET WEATHER and ON FIREWORK NIGHTS THE SOMALIS will give DISPLAYS in the CENTRAL TRANSEPT.

AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—No Extra Charge.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Firework Season has commenced. MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY by C. T. BROCK & CO., EVERY THURSDAY, AND ON WHIT-MONDAY.

FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS!—At CRYSTAL PALACE EVERY THURSDAY, AND ON WHIT-MONDAY. Colossal Transformation Picture, "THE FLOWERS GREETING THE DAWN."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W. 103rd EXHIBITION NOW OPEN 10 till 6. Admission 1s. ADAM E. PROCTOR, Hon. Sec.

GRAVES' GALLERIES.

EXHIBITION OF NEW MILITARY PAINTINGS. And Collection of Wellington and Napoleonic Trophies and Relics. "1815" (NAPOLEON'S OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO). By R. Caton Woodville. "SAVING THE COLOURS AT INKERMANN." By Robert Gibb, R.S.A. "STORMING OF THE CASHMERE GATE OF DELHI." By Vereker M. Hamilton. "BADAJOZ, 1812." By R. Caton Woodville. Also a Collection of Pictures by the late Charles Jones, R.C.A. GRAVES' GALLERIES, 6 Pall Mall, S.W. Admission 1s. ten to six.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 14 Grafton Street, Bond Street. "UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS." First Exhibition of Pictures by Ugo Catani held in England. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

LAWRIE & CO. HAVE ON VIEW A Small Collection of Pictures by COROT, DAUBIGNY, MILLET, DUFRE, G. F. WATTS, R.A., MONTICELLI, Sir E. BURNE-JONES, &c. &c. 15 Old Bond Street. 10 to 6 daily.

HEALTH TRAVELLING.—A Consulting Surgeon, of many years hospital experience, can arrange to travel with a patient. He has himself travelled a good deal and has treated tropical diseases and visited all the Australian Colonies, New Zealand, the Cape, Egypt, and most of Europe. For full particulars, F.R.C.S., care of J. W. Reid, Esq., Solicitor, 11 St. Helen's Place, E.C.

SWITZERLAND, ST. BEATENBERG. Hotel Amisbühl. Magnificent View of Oberland Mountains. Complete quietude. Near a wood with many beautiful walks. Inclusive prices four and five francs. In August one franc more.

The Subscription List will Open on Saturday, 25th May, 1895, and will Close for London and the Country at or before 10 a.m., Wednesday, 29th May, 1895.

A PROCESS FOR CONVERTING LIMESTONE INTO MARBLE.

THE IMPERIAL MARBLE CO., Limited.

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(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

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In 120,000 Shares of £1 each.

PRESENT ISSUE, £100,000, of which **80,000** are now offered for Subscription, payable—2s. 6d. on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment, and the balance one month after Allotment. Payment of Shares may also be made in full on Allotment. The remaining **20,000** Shares of the Present Issue will be allotted as fully paid under the contract within mentioned.

The following gentlemen are among the shareholders in the present Marble (Moreau-Rae) Syndicate (Limited):

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G. Trollope, Esq., of George Trollope and Sons, Builders.
Michael Gunn, Esq., Director of Savoy Hotel (Limited).
W. H. Gibbs, Esq., of W. H. Gibbs and Co., Builders.
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Dr. E. F. A. Obach, Consulting Chemist.
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W. E. Hubbard, Esq., J.P., Director of the London and County Banking Company (Limited).
Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, Director of the Bank of England, &c.
C. Marsham Rae, Esq., Managing Director of the Marble (Moreau-Rae) Syndicate (Limited).

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Auditors.

HERMAN LESCHER & CO., 6 Clement's Lane, E.C.

Secretary and Offices (pro tem.).

BERNARD SIMMONS, 4 Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

ABOUT eighteen years ago, a marble mason, named Moreau, employed near Orleans, accidentally dropped some limestone into a sulphate solution with surprising results. Being an observant man, he repeated the experiment, and eventually succeeded in making marble in a few days, when Nature requires ages.

In the year 1892 patents were acquired for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland by M. Moreau, for his wonderful invention for the production of this marble, and in the same year his discovery was taken up by Mr. C. Marsham Rae, who formed the Marble (Moreau-Rae) Syndicate for the purpose of testing the process and proving its practical utility and value. The Syndicate fitted up a large factory at 77 and 79 Lot's Road, Chelsea, with requisite machinery, and has now fully established the great value of the invention, and as there can be practically no limit to the demand for the marble, the directors of this company invite subscription of capital for the purpose of developing and carrying on the business on a large scale.

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Some of the great advantages possessed by the marble are:

1. It can be produced at less than one-half the cost of other marbles.
2. Limestone after this treatment gains about 20 per cent. of weight, and over 40 per cent. of hardness.
3. It can be produced in colours and veins of great beauty and almost infinite variety.
4. It is not merely an imitation marble, made so frequently of composition; but on the contrary, it is practically the veritable production of marble from limestone.

It will be presently shown that the cost of executing work in this marble, especially in elaborately carved work, even with the present limited means of the syndicate, is greatly below that of other marbles, but when a contemplated further outlay of about £6,000 has been completed, the directors feel confident that they will be able to manufacture and sell at considerably less than one-third the cost of other marbles, and still make a profit of 100 per cent. on cost of manufacture.

The plant, when completed, is estimated to be capable of turning out this marble to the value of at least £60,000 per annum, so that when the company is in full work the profits should suffice to pay a dividend of 25 per cent. on the present issue of share capital.

The syndicate has just completed a contract at the Niagara Real Ice Skating Hall, York Street, Westminster. The beauty of this fine hall has been greatly enhanced by the handsome manner in which 90 large a surface, nearly 3,000 superficial feet, has been covered in dados, mouldings, archways, pilasters, cornices, &c., by this marble in beautiful variety.

Certificates with reference to the comparative cost of executing this work by the syndicate in Moreau-Rae marble (£824) and in real marble (£3,537) respectively, will be found set out in full in the prospectus.

This more than confirms the estimate of the directors as to the margin of profit.

The patents to be acquired are Nos. 50, 19,395, and 20,412, of 1892, and with regard to the novelty, Messrs. G. F. Redfern and Co., the well-known Patent Agents, of 4, South Street, Finsbury, have made a search on behalf of the syndicate, who placed the results before Mr. W. R. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P., the eminent authority on patent law, whose opinion is set out in extenso in the full prospectus.

The amount of the present issue, £100,000, will be applied as follows, namely: £60,000 either in fully paid-up shares or in cash, and £20,000 in fully paid-up shares, constitutes the amount payable by the company.

The company will retain the balance of £20,000 (less stamp duty on and cost of assignment, not to exceed £500) for immediate use as working capital, and the remainder of the share capital, namely, £20,000, will also be retained for further issue as required.

Major Lewis H. Isaacs and Mr. C. Marsham Rae, being shareholders of the Marble (Moreau-Rae) Syndicate (Limited), will not act as directors of this company until after the allotment.

The following contracts have been entered into: (1) Two agreements, dated the 4th January and 26th April, 1895, made between the Marble (Moreau-Rae) Syndicate (Limited), of the one part, and the Merchants' Contract Company (Limited), of the other part; (2) agreement between the Merchants' Contract Company (Limited), of the one part, and this company of the other part, dated the 8th of May, 1895.

The Merchants' Contract Company (Limited), who are the promoters, have fixed the amount to be paid by the company, and out of their profit they are to pay all preliminary expenses incidental to the formation of the company and the issue of its capital up to the first general allotment of shares, including advertising, printing, legal charges and registration fees, and they reserve the right to enter into, and have entered and will enter into arrangements and contracts with third parties with reference thereto, and to the underwriting of the capital or part thereof, to none of which the company is a party. There are also trade contracts incident to the business, or other contracts which may be within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1887, or to the disclosure of which applicants for shares may be entitled. Every applicant shall be deemed to have full notice of all such contracts or arrangements as aforesaid, and to have waived all right to further notice or particulars thereof whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1887, or otherwise.

The two contracts above mentioned, the memorandum and articles of association, the opinion of Mr. W. R. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P., and all the reports and certificates (which were made upon instructions from the Syndicate or the Merchants' Contract Company, Limited), and all contracts, arrangements, and agreements above referred to, which contain important clauses and conditions other than those above referred to, may be inspected by any intending applicants for shares at the offices of the company.

Full prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the company, and at their brokers', auditors', and bankers'.

London, May 1895.

The **LISTS** will **CLOSE** on or before **TUESDAY** next for town, and noon on the following day for Country.

ARCHIBALD ARROL AND SONS

(Limited), (with which is incorporated the business of Mr. John Meikle, of Newcastle-on-Tyne).

DEBENTURE STOCK, £300,000; SHARE CAPITAL, £250,000.
The First Mortgage Debenture Stock will be redeemable at the Company's option, on or after 1 July, 1915, at 110 per cent.

SHARE CAPITAL.

10,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each £100,000
15,000 5½ per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each ... 150,000
The Vendors take the whole of the Ordinary Shares and one-third of the Preference Shares in part payment of the purchase-money.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND (Limited), Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C., and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND (Limited), Glasgow, are authorized by the Directors of the Company to RECEIVE APPLICATIONS at the price of £104 per cent. for £100,000 in FOUR-AND-A-HALF PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK, and at par for £100,000 in FIVE-AND-A-HALF PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £10 each, payable as follows:

	Debtenture Stock.	Preference Shares.
On Application	£10 per cent.	£1 per Share.
" Allotment	40 " "	4 " "
" 10 July, 1895	54 " "	5 " "
	£104	£110

TRUSTEES FOR THE FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK.

Charles Harvey Combe, Esq., M.P. (of the firm of Combe & Co., Limited, Brewers).

Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson (Director Extraordinary of the Commercial Bank of Scotland (Limited)).

John Albert Black, Esq. (of the firm of John Black & Co., Shipowners), 26 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

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William A. Arrol } Sole Partners in the firm of
Walter Arrol } Archibald Arrol and Sons,
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John Meikle } Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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MacLure, Naysmith, & Co., Glasgow, N.B.

BROKERS.—Pim, Vaughan, & Co., 1 Draper's Gardens, London, E.C.
AUDITORS.—Henry Graham, Smyrke and Co., Chartered Accountants, Sunderland.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—C. J. Andrews, 13 Austinfriars, London, E.C.; 14 Bigg Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and 16 Dixon Street, Glasgow.

ABBRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to take over the well-known Brewery business of Messrs. Archibald Arrol & Sons, which was established at Alloa in the year 1810, and to incorporate with it the business of Mr. John Meikle, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and to acquire from him and from Mr. William Turnbull, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, 40 Freehold and Leasehold Hotels, Public Houses, and other Licensed Properties held therewith.

The Newcastle properties have recently been valued by Messrs. A. T. and E. A. Crow, valuers of Sunderland, and Mr. Ralph Hindmarsh, valuer, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Scotch property by Messrs. Russell & Spence, of Glasgow, whose reports are embodied in the full prospectus.

The mortgage debenture stock will be secured by a first mortgage on all the freehold and leasehold properties of the Company, and generally on its business and undertaking.

The assets of the Company comprise:
Freehold properties and fixed plant at Alloa and in and near Newcastle-on-Tyne, valued at £271,210 0 0
Copyhold and long leasehold premises, and fixed plant, &c., in and near Newcastle-on-Tyne, valued at 33,150 0 0
Short leaseholds and fixed plant, valued at 6,640 0 0
£311,000 0 0

Stock-in-trade, movable plant, casks, rolling stock, &c., guaranteed by the vendors at 56,364 0 0

Loans, book debts, &c., cash at bankers, and additional working capital, guaranteed by the vendors at 48,912 19 6
105,276 19 6

Total..... £416,276 19 6
Of the £311,000 a sum of less than £50,000 represents the value of fixed plant, and the directors are satisfied that the £105,276 19s. 6d. representing the working capital of the Company is amply sufficient for the purpose.

The books of the firm have been examined by Messrs. Henry Graham, Smyrke, & Co., Chartered Accountants, of Sunderland, who report as follows:
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Addition to the Accumulated Funds,	496,201	4	6
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Expenses outstanding,	9,112 4 6
Sums lodged to meet Premiums and Interest not yet due,	6,974 6 3
Deposits with the Society,	794 0 8
	£246,853 3 3
Investments and Exchange Reserve Fund Account,	50,000 0 0
Value of Liabilities under Policies,	10,196,532 0 0
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account,	2,267,436 12 5
NOTE.	
The Surplus was	£2,509,923 7 6
Of which paid in Intermediate Bonuses, 1888 to 1894,	242,486 15 1
Balance,	£2,267,436 12 5
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